WEEK ENDING NOV. 22 1924

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Liberty

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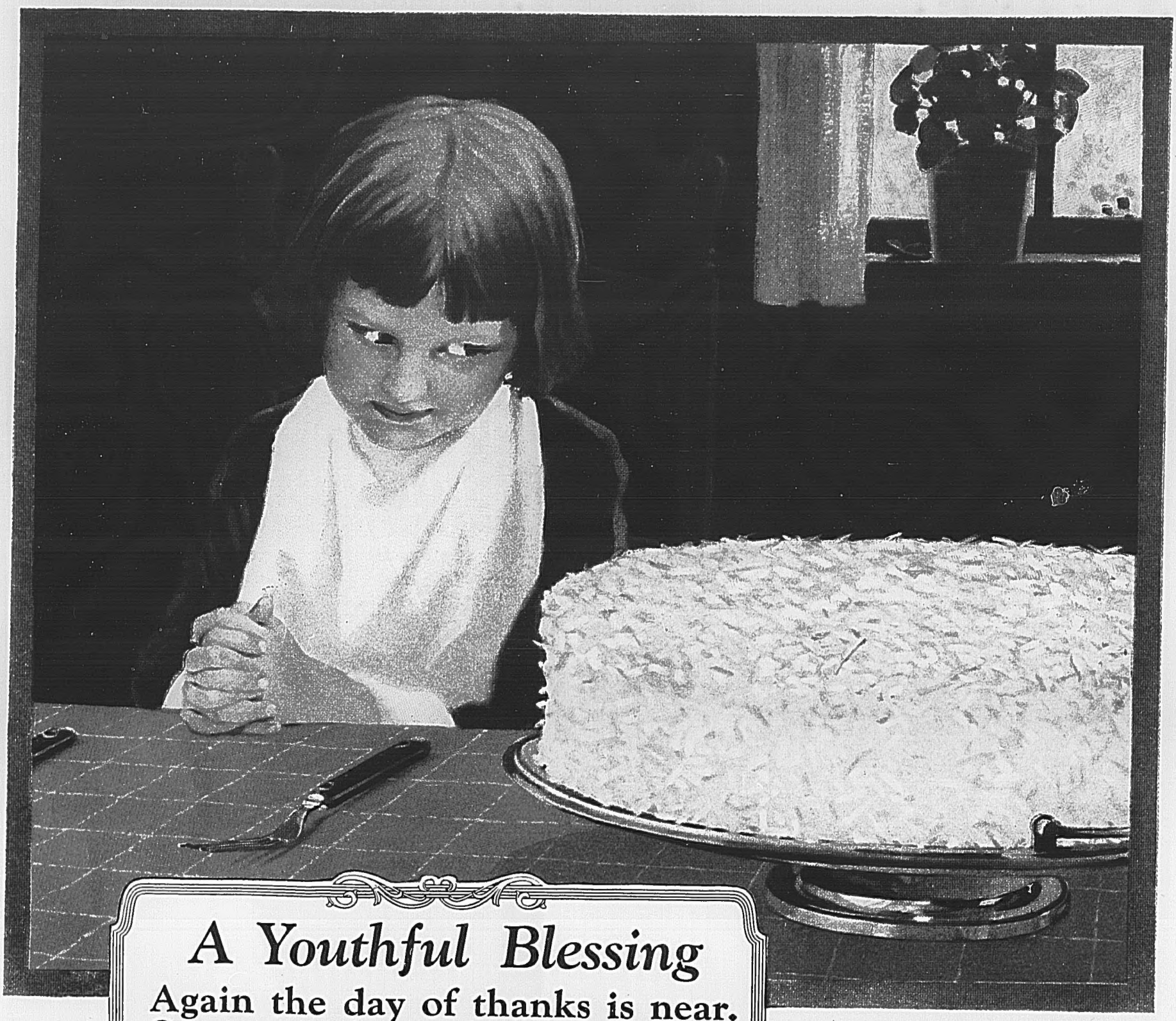
In this Issue: **WHAT'S BECOME OF THE FOUR HUNDRED?** *By Grace Robinson*



A Youthful Blessing

Again the day of thanks is near. Once more we bow our heads in recognition of the many things for which we are thankful—the children—our good health and theirs.

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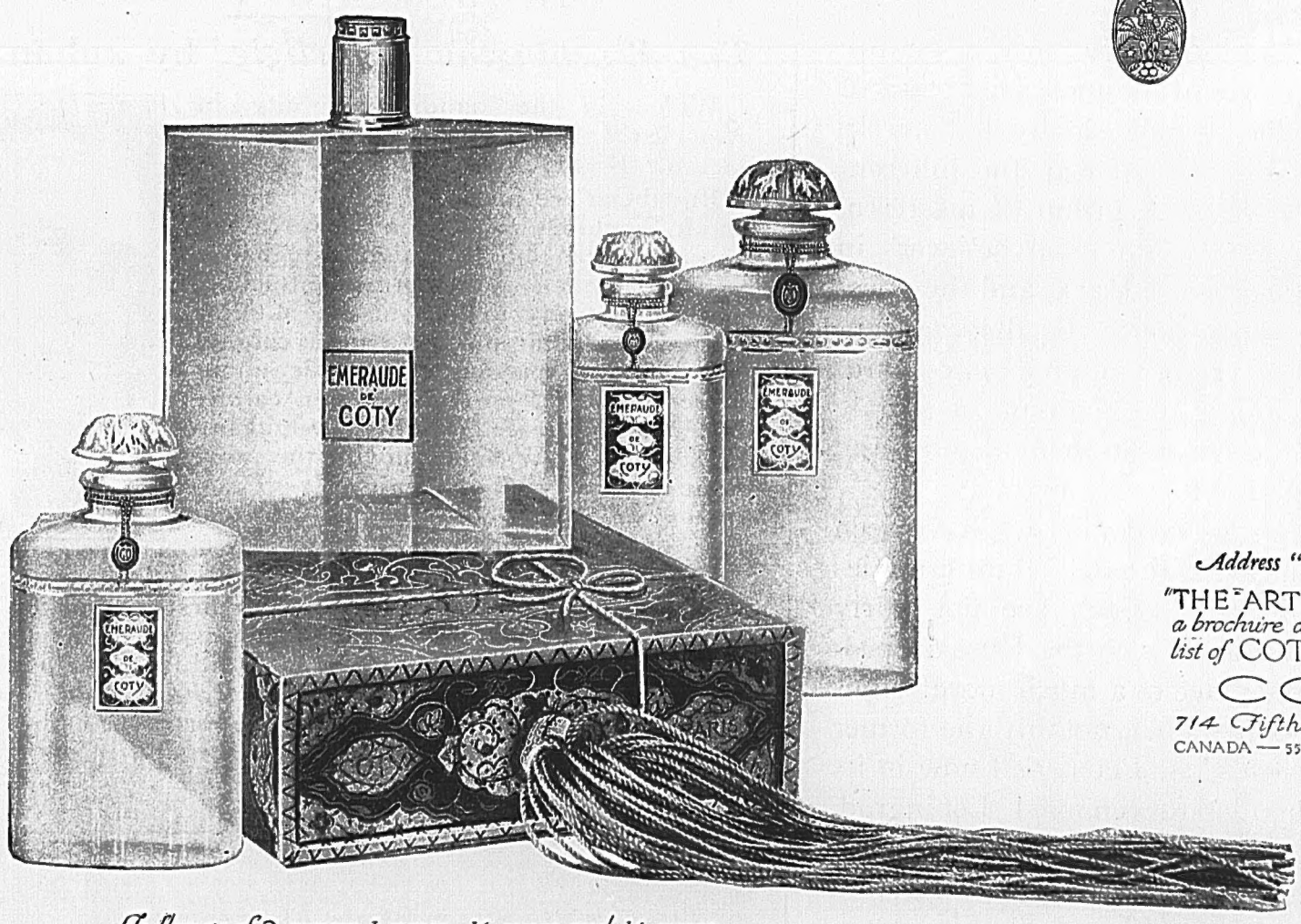

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE COMMUNIST EXPERIMENT.

Mankind gets forward by trying things out, by discarding what won't work, and improving what will. That is what the highbrow calls the system of trial and error. It is the way of all human progress, the process at work in our individual lives, in the lives of nations, and in the life of the race.

We have developed all our institutions that way. The American Constitution, though it was formulated by a group of wise men in a convention, was the bringing together of the material of past experience, and it did not become a reality until it began to work and was tested in experience. Our complicated economic system is also the result of ages of human trial and error, and so is our social system.

Since 1917 we have seen a tremendous demonstration in this law of progress, an experiment on a huge scale, the revolutionary reorganization of Russia. The laboratory in which this experiment has taken place is one of the richest in the world. Nature lavished vast resources upon Russia and it has an enormous population of industrious, obedient people. Russia before the revolution was neither one of the most advanced nor one of the most backward of nations. It occupied a middle ground, slowly but surely making headway. Then under stress of war and inherent weaknesses, its system gave way. A group of masterful reformers took power. They were fanatical believers in the theories of a German author, Karl Marx, and they proposed to put his system into operation. His theories cannot be described here, but the system is known as communism, and its essential principle is the abolition of private property and hence of the motive of individual gain and free activity as a spur to human effort.

How that experiment has worked out, we have seen and are still seeing. Putting aside the deliberate cruelties that any fanaticism commits and which are not fairly chargeable to communism, we have seen the Russian people fall back from their middle place to a much more primitive stage. Their cities have dwindled, notably the former capital, established by the great Czar Peter, and now in its diminished and impoverished state renamed Leningrad, after the theorist responsible for its misfortune. Its former industries have been reduced as by a wasting fever, and the greatest of all, agriculture, is now incapable of producing food even for the Russians, though under the backward system of the czars Russia exported millions of tons of cereals and was one of the great granaries of the world.

Communism, tested, has not worked. It represents a primitive system, not an advanced one; the product of a theorist, which ignores the mainspring of living progress and cannot produce a modern society or provide for the needs of civilized man.

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Cover Design by Frederic Stanley

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

The Washington Whirligig, by Julian Street

JULIAN STREET

Which is the handsomest city in America? Easy, you say; it is Washington. Right!

But there are probably a lot of things about Washington you don't know. Are you aware that horse drawn broughams, with coachmen and footmen attached, are not entirely extinct in the nation's capital, and that the wife of a cabinet member is supposed to include about fifteen hundred persons on her calling list? *Julian Street* gives his colorful impressions of Washington in the next issue of Liberty. You'll enjoy *The Washington Whirligig* both for its informative qualities and its engaging style.

Suppose you were a typical, thoroughly domesticated business man, and your first love asked you, after thirty years, to play the part of knight errant? What would you do? Read what Hiram Tupper Bell did in *The Turning Worm*, a remarkable two-part story by *Sewell Ford*. *You'll get a thrill!*

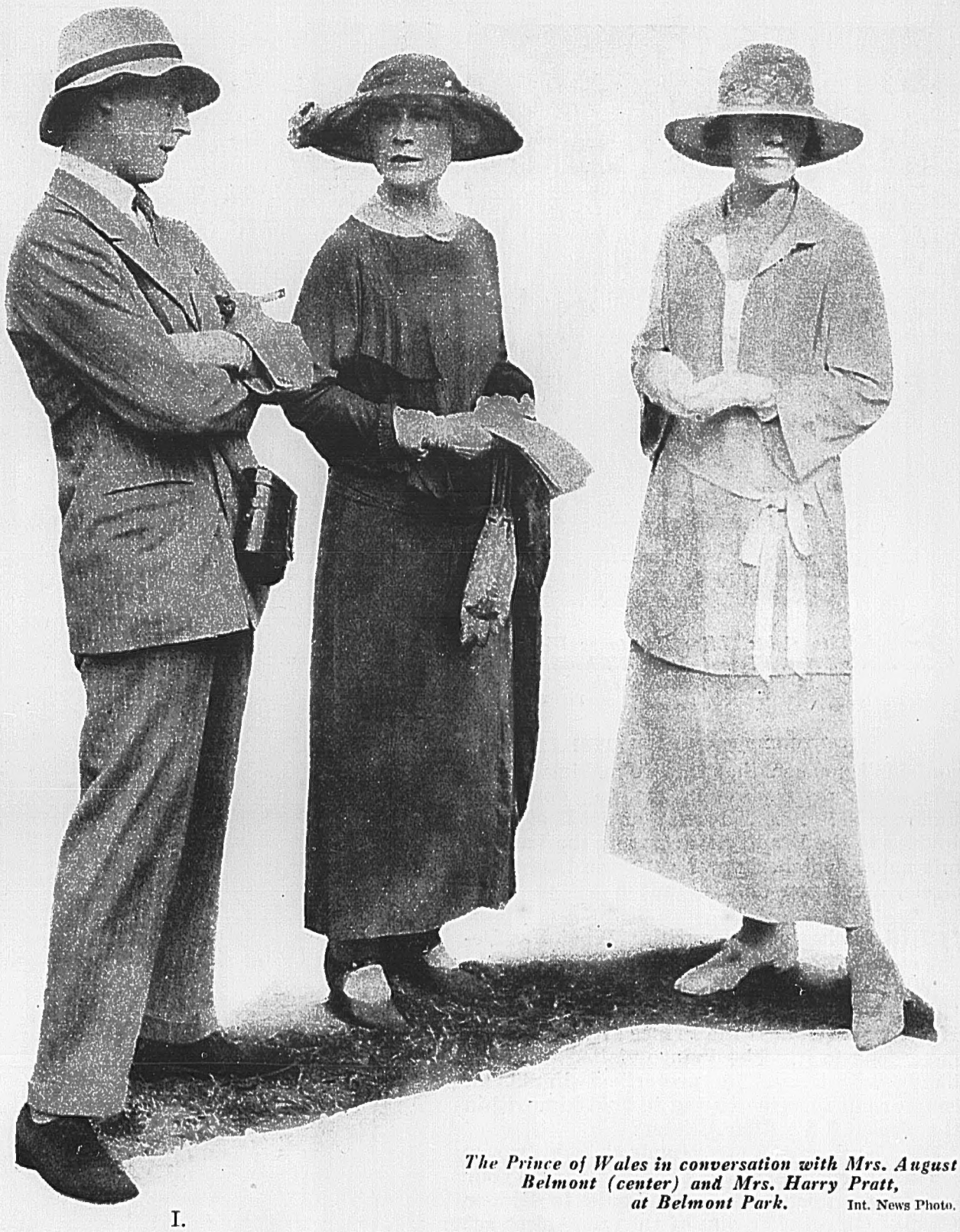
A fascinating full-length literary portrait of the inimitable *Will Rogers* is given by *Charles W. Lobdell* in his article, *Will Rogers—The World Laughs with Him.*

Special articles, short and long fiction stories desired. Address Editor, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Five cents a copy. By mail, $2 a year in U. S., Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address subscriptions, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago. Allow four weeks for change of address. Published weekly by The Coloroto Corporation, Tribune Square, 431 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. R. R. McCormick and J. M. Patterson, Editors and Publishers. J. M. Patterson, President and Secretary; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; S. E. Thomason, Second Vice President; John N. Wheeler, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1924, by The Coloroto Corporation in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

What's Become of the 400?

THIRTY-TWO YEARS AGO Family Was the Magic Open Sesame to Ward McAllister's Sacrosanct Inner Circle of American Society, and Mere Riches Stormed the Gates in Vain. Today Great Wealth, a Reasonable Degree of Culture, and a Kind Heart Are the Things That Count. The Old Guard Has Surrendered, and the 400 Has Grown to More Than Eight Thousand!

By GRACE B. ROBINSON



The Prince of Wales in conversation with Mrs. August Belmont (center) and Mrs. Harry Pratt, at Belmont Park. Int. News Photo.

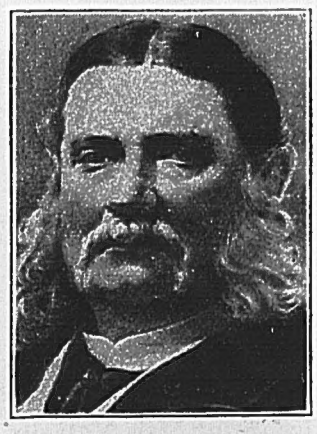
IT WAS in 1892. Mrs. William Astor was beginning to think about her annual dance—the very last word in American social functions. She called to her side Mr. Ward McAllister, whose like does not exist today. He was the creator and the executioner of social ambitions. Today he'd be trampled under foot. But then all the socially inclined trembled with fear at his frown.

"My ballroom is only large enough for four hundred people," said Mrs. Astor. "I want you to help me cut down the list to that number."

With glee Mr. McAllister fell to work. And lo! the Four Hundred.

But it must have gone to the gentleman's head. Like Brillig, he snicker-snacked again, and behold:

Original Inner Circle	*150*
Contingent Inner Circle Margin	*19*
Star Members Inner Circle Fringe	*26*
Plain Inner Circle Fringe	*49*
Fringe to Plain Inner Circle Fringe	*156*
Grand Total	*400*



William Astor Int. News Photo.

Which means that one might belong to the Four Hundred, yet fail of entry into the really high society functions.

And today members of our very best families are making life bearable for tired chorus girls and grandsons of the Original Inner Circles are marrying the daughters of Jan Czcacykosoz, who learned to half-sole shoes in Pzchymezle, Poland.

I.

IT IS thirty-two years ago. Ward McAllister speaks:

"It has raised an awful rumpus, don't you see? A really fearful rumpus, don't you understand? People running around with the list in their hands—that is, those people who are in it, dontcherknow—running around, you know, with the list in their hands, I say, saying, 'See here, you know, here I am, the hundred and fortieth or the hundred and forty-fifth, close to the tail end.' I say to them, 'You're very lucky, really, to be in it at all, dontcherknow.'"

Dear readers, all you have experienced in the past and present generation—such trifles as the World War, the overthrow of the Romanoffs, the circumnavigation of the globe by airplanes, the radio, and similar nothings—were but changes in the wind—kindly, caressing wind at that—compared to Ward McAllister's dictum that, after all, the Four Hundred was too heterogeneous and needed pruning.

Mrs. William Astor

Believe me, chaos prevailed. It really didn't require much to introduce chaos in those days. But Ward McAllister trotted it down Fifth Avenue, ringing bells. There were, he had decided, only a hundred and fifty persons in New York worthy of first social consideration. And to make it all the worse he declined to name the one hundred and fiftieth.

Now, it wouldn't have been so frightful had not Mr. McAllister (Ward Make-A-Lister) created the Four Hundred. He had done it at the behest of Mrs. William Astor in 1892. But of that more in detail farther along.

And he seemed to take an unholy joy not only in his list but also in the fact that there was none to gainsay him. You were or you weren't in it, just as Mr. McAllister spake. Ah, lovely, lavender days—thirty years ago!

Mrs. Ogden Goelet Int. News Photo.

"Yes, yes," sighed Mr. McAllister, "an awful rumpus, don't you see? Some of them saw that the list was made up alphabetically, many others didn't. That's the rea-

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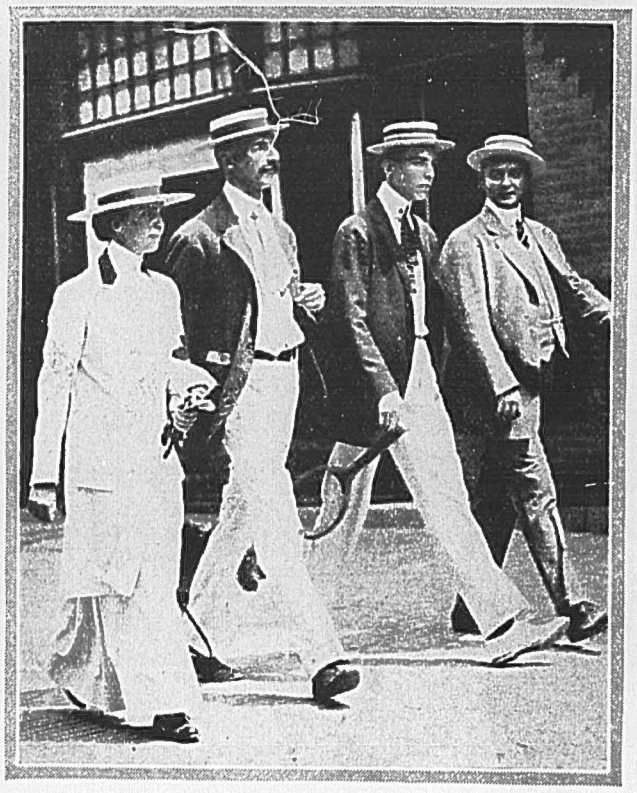


From left to right: Miss Constance Warren, John Jacob Astor, Vincent Astor, Nicholas Biddle, in Newport, Rhode Island.
Paul Thompson Photo.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

son, don't you see, that they're making a rumpus about their place in the list, don't you understand? . . . Now, that list is of those invited to the Bradley-Martin and the Vanderbilt balls, dontcherknow? It's the true inner circle, don't you understand?"

THIS fetches us to my title: What Has Become of the Four Hundred?

Where is that sacred social set today? And think, please, what the most recent visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales would have done to it. The Prince visited whom he liked, within certain prescribed limits, of course; but imagine trying to hold him within the circle of Ward McAllister!

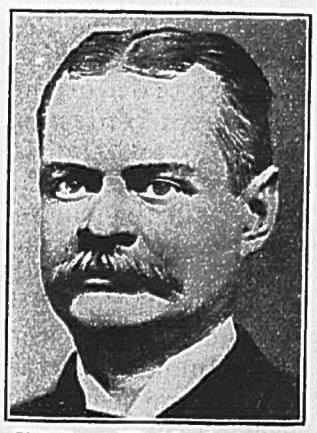
You have your Four Hundred (why worry about its true numerical strength?) in all your cities and towns from St. Louis to Ginger Creek. On occasion you of the social elect get together for dinner. Well, just consider the dinner within New York's—America's—Four Hundred of thirty years ago. Mrs. Van der Snob is the hostess.

Twenty impeccable ladies and twenty perfect gentlemen sit at the table. They have come at the bidding of coldly engraved invitations and none is more than ten minutes late for the repast. Repast! That's the only word for it.

There is a suggestion of the ice palace about the room, what with the glitter of cut glass and diamonds. Helmetlike tiaras top the correct heads of the ladies. Towering fabrics of jewels and gold. One shudders to think what one resounding laugh might have done to the assemblage. Conspicuously absent is levity. The trick is to have a good time, if possible, but not show it. Among other things noticeably absent to the 1924 eye is the mark of the rouge pot and the lipstick. And the ladies do not smoke. Had one of those ladies lighted one cigaret she would have removed herself from that polite circle—not merely for the evening, but for all time. The gentlemen smoked, but not in the presence of the ladies.

Mrs. Charles Oelrichs
Paul Thompson Photo.

These guests of Mrs. Van der Snob, you must remember, are all members in good standing of Mr. McAllister's Four Hundred, and thirty years ago one did not surrender such a privilege with greater enthusiasm than we, today, release our grip on life itself.



William Waldorf Astor
© International.

Be assured, also, that there is no divorced woman present. In those days a divorce decree was but little less damning than Hester Prynne's trade-mark.

And none of these ladies is even remotely connected with a profession save that, of course, pursued by their gentlemen. Even women who wrote—Mrs. Wharton, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Cruger—oh, quite respectable and all that, you know, but ah—ah—rather queer, dont you think? And was it really necessary?

What do these blameless guests of Mrs. Van der Snob talk about? Not golf. In all America there were then only two nine-hole courses. Bridge was almost unknown. Perhaps a word—nothing more, and that whispered—of Marie Tempest's songs in The Fencing Master, of Loie Fuller's swishy skirt dances, of performances at the opera, of Emma Eames, Nordica, the De Reszkes, or perhaps a polite reference to the beauty of Mrs. Grover Cleveland.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt
© Paul Thompson.

You are called upon to visualize what would happen to such a dinner tonight were five or six different wines served, not to mention the liquors for the gentlemen after the ladies had retired to the rose and gold room while their consorts smoked and drank. We pause to utter "Wow." However, the ladies at Mrs. Van der Snob's table merely

THAT SHINING LIST.

1. Fred H. Allen.
2—3. Mr. and Mrs. Astor.
4—5. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Astor.
6—7. Mr. and Mrs. George H. Bend.
8. Miss Amy Bend.
9. Miss Beatrice Bend.
10—11. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Bryce.
12. Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck.
13—14. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bronson.
15. Heber Bishop.
16. Miss Bishop.
17. William Harold Brown.
18—19. Mr. and Mrs. Edmund N. Baylies.
20. Mr. Temple Bowdoin.
21—22. Mr. and Mrs. J. Townsend Burden.
23. Miss Burden.
24. Mrs. Barbey.
25. Miss Barbey.
26. Mr. Thomas Cushing.
27. Miss Edith Cushing.
28. Mr. E. Bayard Cutting.
29. Mr. Harry Coster.
30. Miss Coster.
31—32. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carroll.
33—34. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Cary.
35—36. Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Chandler.
37. Mrs. Brockholst Cutting.
38—39. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cannon.
40. Robert L. Cutting, jr.
41. Col. J. Schuyler Crosby.
42. Miss Crosby.
43—44. Mr. and Mrs. W. Bayard Cutting.
45—46.—Mr. and Mrs. S. V. R. Cruger.
47. Rawlings Cottenet.
48—49. Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, jr.
50—51. Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Elliott.
52—53. Mr. and Mrs. George B. De Forest.
54. H. De Courcy Forbes.
55—56. Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish.
57—58. Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Francklyn.
59. J. C. Furman.
60. Augustus C. Gurnee.
61—62. Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Goelet.
63. Mr. Frank G. Griswold.
64 65. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Howard.
66 67. Mr. and Mrs. Carly Havemeyer.
68 69. Mr. and Mrs. Columbus Iselin.
70. Mrs. William Jaffray.
71. Miss Jaffray.
72. Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Jones.
74. Beatrice Jones.
75—76. Mr. and Mrs. Delancy Kane.
77. Nicholson Kane.
78. Arthur Leary.
79. Mrs. Maturin Livingston.
80—81. Mr. and Mrs. James Lanier.
82—83. Mr. and Mrs. Clement C. Moore.
84. Ward McAllister.
85—86. Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Marshall.
87. Clement March.
88—89. Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills.
90—91. Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin.
92. F. T. Martin.
93—94. Mr. and Mrs. H. McK. Twombly.
95. Miss Talier.
96. Marquise de Talleyrand.
97—98. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Newbold.
99. James Otis.
100. Miss Otis.
101. Edward Post.
102. Richard Peters.
103—104. Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Porter.
105—106. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pendleton.
107. Julian Potter.
108. Goold H. Redmond.
109—110. Mrs. and Miss Rogers.
111. J. Ritchie.
112. T. J. Oakley Rhinelander.
113. Miss Cora Randolph.
114. Mrs. Burke-Roche.
115. Miss Sands.
116—117. Mr. and Mrs. William D. Sloane.
118—119. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schuyler.
120—121. Mr. and Mrs. Byam K. Stevens.
122. Lispenard Stewart.
123—124. Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Sherman.
125. Miss Adele Sloane.
126. Mr. G. Mead Tooker.
127. Miss Tooker.
128. Miss Mabel Van Rensselaer.
129. Miss Alice Van Rensselaer.
130.—131. Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt.
132. George W. Vanderbilt.
133. Mr. Worthington Whitehouse.
134.—135. Mr. and Mrs. W. Seward Webb.
136. Barton Willing.
137. Miss Willing.
138—139. Gov. and Mrs. Wetmore.
140. Miss Wetmore.
141. Egerton Winthrop.
142. Thomas C. Winthrop.
143. F. B. Winthrop.
144—145. Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan Winthrop.
146. Miss Winthrop.
147. Mr. and Mrs. Ben. Wells.
148—149. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Whitney.
150. ——.

Ten thousand questions are asked about that unquestionable list and 10,000 answers given, just as when Darwin's theory came out. Here are some questions:

"Why is R. L. Cutting in the list and poor Winkie Cutting left out?"

"Why is Stuyvesant Fish there but not Nicholas?"

"Where is Perry Belmont and where is Oggy?"

"Why is Miss Talier named and not her brother, since they are always together?"

"Where are the Prescott Lawrences, and since not even society can still the cry of a parent's heart, where is Miss McAllister?"

"Miss Burke-Roche is beautiful, but who re are the Cooper-Hewitts, and what of Eibridge T. Gerry, for whom children cry?"

"Where is Mrs. Paran Stevens, whose jewels have baffled many detectives?"

"Where are the Dodges, who hire expensive people to sing, the Duers, Douglasses, the Gerards, the Gallatins, the Remsens, the Kernochans, the Roosevelts."

These questions slowly and gradually will be taken to the proper source, as similar ques-

How Ward McAllister's "Shining List" of the Inner Circle started a furor.

THE WORLD is enabled to give the fringe to the Inner Circle. Those names marked with a star are designated by the authority in question as coming close to the borders of the upper Circle itself

THE INNER CIRCLE FRINGE.

Mr. C. C. Baldwin, jr.
Langdon Irving.
Gen. A. S. Webb.
Miss Carrie Webb.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Perry.
Miss Perry.
*Richard T. Wilson, jr.
*Miss Grace Wilson.
Mr. and Mrs. Luther Kuntz.
Miss Baldwin.
Miss Louise Baldwin.
*Miss Knowlton.
*Sir Roderick Cameron.
*Misses Cameron.
*J. Clint. Smith.
Col. and Mrs. Kip.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Starrs Wells.
Miss Eva C. Morris.
*Miss McAllister.
Mr. and Mrs. Wysong.
*Charles Cottnet.
Isaac Iselin,
*Mr. and Mrs. Cooper Hewitt.
*Mr. and Mrs. Rhinelander Stewart.
*Mr. and Mrs. Richard Irving.
*Robert Howe, jr.
*Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. de Peyster.
Mr. and Mrs. Louis Rutherford.
Mr. and Mrs. Gen. Burnet.
E. N. Taylor.
Charles Munn.
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Shepard.
Miss Shepard.
*Bellmont Tiffany.
Mr. and Mrs. James P. Kernochan.
*Miss A. Chanler.
*Mrs. Charles P. Hoffman.
*Miss Hoffman.
*Mr. George S. Bowdain.
*Miss Berryman.
*Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Robert.
*Mrs. Alexander Van Rensselaer.
*Robert K. Richards.
Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish, jr.
Miss Elizabeth Kean.
Julian Kean.
*Miss Barbey.
*Clarkson Potter.
*Mr. and Mrs. Columbus Iselin.
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Dillon Ripley.
Miss Sybil Kane.
Alexander M. Hadden.
Edward Livingston.
Mr. and Mrs. A. Newbold Morris
*Mr. and Mrs. James M. Waterbury

A CONTINGENT LIST ALMOST AS GOOD AS THE 150.

A few names in addition to the 150 are given below, on authority, as belonging to the true inner circle. These are:

Mr. and Mrs. Orme Wilson.
Miss Berryman.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Post.
Woodbury Kane.
Peter Marie.
. V. Parker.
Miss Leiter.
Mr. and Mrs. George L. Reeves.
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goelet.
Miss Winthrop.
Col. and Mrs. Wm. Jay.
Mr. and Mrs. James R. Roosevelt.
Rudolph Robinson.

MR. WARD M'ALLISTER TALKS AGAIN.

"It has raised an awful rumpus, don't you see," said Mr. McAllister yesterday. "An awful rumpus, do you understand?

It leads off, don't you see, with a little boy from Boston—Fred Allen—don't you understand. It puts him ahead of the Astors, don'tcherknow. Of course, that's an alphabetical accident. Yet it's absurd, don't you see. The Astors are at the very front of society. They should come first as a matter of course, don'tcherknow.

Mr. McAllister sticks to the main to his original number. There are 150 in the Prince of Wales's set, he says, and to all intents and purposes there are 150 in the New York set. This gives material for the following

RECAPITULATION:

Original Inner Circle	150
Contingent Inner Circle margin	19
Star Members Inner Circle Fringe	25
Plain Inner Circle Fringe	26
Fringe to Plain Inner Circle Fringe	180
Grand total	400

The Inner Circle Fringe as it was reproduced in the New York World.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Miss Grace Vanderbilt, Col. Cornelius Vanderbilt.
Paul Thompson Photo.

tasted their wines. Not one of them felt her liquor. She didn't dare.

FIRST, champagne! Mrs. Van der Snob being a smart hostess (probably a member of the unapproachable one hundred and fifty) knew better than to offer the inferior '83 or '85. From the fish to the roast she served the vintages of 1880 and 1884. *Vin ordinaire* was present throughout the meal. A superclaret came with the roast and Burgundy or Johannisberg with the Camembert. When the ladies had decorously departed, port and the extolled Madeira appeared—and disappeared. And then (for gentlemen only) chartreuse and like potations.

And then the gentlemen joined the ladies. Then it was that, perhaps, the gentlemen were a trifle less austere. One could almost imagine a masculine finger chucking a lofty feminine chin. Stewed? By no means. Merely somewhat thawed and daring. You will notice, too, that there were no cocktails. They were not invented until a little later and, anyway, they would have had no place at that function. Vulgar things. One might as well carry a quart of straight gin on the hip as call for cocktails.

And the food! Canvasback duck, very hot and very rare, was the *pièce de résistance*. An unbelievable number of cold and hot foods preceded and followed it—from the clear turtle soup with forcemeat balls to the coffee and cigars.

But be not misled. There are, today, dinners just as long and just as stupid, but the hostess who produces one seldom catches the same flock of guests twice.

What has become of that Spartan set of three decades back? Passed to their reward? Not all of them. But they seem to have been brushed out of the way, perhaps trampled under foot by the thoughtless, helter-skelter successors to their social niches.

Mrs. Van der Snob danced—Oh, dear, yes! Now and then she stayed up all night. A vulgar way of putting it, but there were occasions when she didn't retire until dawn.

Where are they now? The survivors have surrendered. They have retired to dignified silence. They are outnumbered, outraged. They have raised protesting hands and darkened their houses. They have drawn the shades, locked the doors, and taken to silent reflection.

They have stopped their ears against today's saxophone, shut their eyes upon their rouged and bobbed granddaughters and their hip-flasked grandsons. What would have happened to that dowager who, thirty years ago, introduced the lovely but hopelessly Philistine Gilda Gray? Yet Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt II. recently did and nobody—not even Miss Gray—was the worse for it. In fact, it was quite a success, as why shouldn't it be?

First, the delectable Miss Gray appeared at the Vanderbilt house in Fifth Avenue as a professional entertainer. Then, a little later, she was Mrs. Vanderbilt's guest at tea.

The dancer became acquainted with Muriel and Consuelo, Mrs. Vanderbilt's daughters. These young women are remarkable in the world of society for the careful manner in which they have been reared. Their mother has discouraged her daughters in the gentle flapper arts of smoking, drinking, and rouging.

As a result the Vanderbilt girls, although much admired, are held in some awe because of their old-fashioned virtues. Nevertheless their mother believed it right and proper for them to know Gilda, the immigrant Polish girl, whose versatile feet and undulating body brought her from the barroom where her first husband worked to glittering success on Broadway.

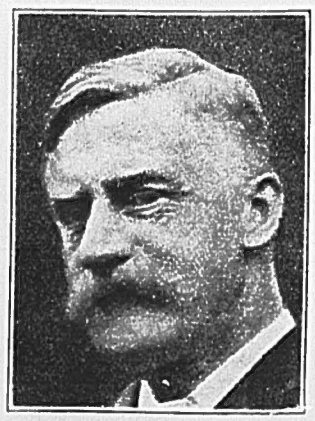
Society's change of heart since the day when a Fifth Avenue hostess was criticized for entertaining Bernhardt is illustrated by Mrs. Charles B. Alexander's reception for Cecil Sorel, the French actress. Mrs. Alexander is one of New York's prominent matrons whose name is synonymous with social caution and conservatism. When Sorel appeared in this country no one thought it strange that Mrs. Alexander should give her a fête.

It is not likely that

[CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE]

Worthington Whitehouse
Paul Thompson Photo.

Mrs. Fred Vanderbilt
Paul Thompson Photo.



Stuyvesant Fish
© Paul Thompson.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

this dignified hostess would entertain chorus girls, however, or any actress who had not achieved great standing in her profession.

II.

IN Ward McAllister's day family counted more than anything else in the world, socially speaking. Persons who were merely rich stormed the citadel of Newport in vain.

Today that is changed. Almost any person who is possessed of great wealth and reasonable qualifications as to education, breeding, etc., can get into Newport or New York society. They must possess one requisite, in Mr. Crowninshield's opinion. They must have innate kindness, a disinterested attitude toward others, and a really good heart.

There is probably no one in New York who is more familiar with the evolution of smart society than Mr. Frank Crowninshield.

"The many-dinner-coated Frank Crowninshield," is his familiar appellation, because of his phenomenal popularity as a dinner guest. He is one of twenty or thirty men in New York of fifty years or more who have always liked society, enjoyed amusement, and remained unmarried—a combination that in itself is interesting.

Society, according to Mr. Crowninshield, has changed chiefly in its speed, or tempo. In many ways the same fundamental qualities are required of society people today that always have been required.

"These qualities still count," declared Mr. Crowninshield, commenting on society of today. "It is, of course, a fact that a man or a woman can belong to an old family and a family of great position and still behave like a cad or a parvenu. Their position protects them, and they stay in society, but they remain in it on tolerance and sufferance only.

"More and more the general public is beginning to understand that a high position in social life entails a certain dignity of conduct and good breeding. When the time comes that all the rich people, the people of position, family, and breeding behave without dignity, without a proper respect for others, and without decency a social revolution will ensue, just as it ensued in Rome, or in France at the time of Marie Antoinette."

On the subject of stage people, however, society has completely revised its ideas. Society men of thirty years ago would not have dared float around in public with Follies girls, as is done at Palm Beach today.

"Women of the stage were not received into society then," says Mr. Crowninshield. "When Bernhardt—thirty-five years ago—was invited to one lady's house on Fifth Avenue it created an immense amount of unfavorable discussion. I am speaking now of the most distinguished actresses. As to the chorus girls, their activities were limited, the scenes of their triumphs restricted, the spheres of their influence negligible.

"At the Swamp Room at the Imperial Hotel one might nightly see the chorus girls of the Casino having supper with their friends, but, as for the present day general intermingling between chorus girls and other strata of society, the thing was unheard of."

SOCIAL climbers, being hard put to it for guests, often invite people to dinners or dances whom they have not met. This is the result of lack of knowledge and lack of breeding.

About twenty-five years ago a very rich family of Mr. Crowninshield's acquaintance wanted to gain entry to smart society. They invited one hundred persons to dinner, only a small percentage of whom they had ever met. Of the hundred invited guests fifteen accepted. The night of the dinner arrived, as well as the fifteen guests.

Under each napkin at dinner, on the gold plates, the well meaning hostess had placed a costly and elaborate present—gold cigaret cases, gold mesh purses, and other expensive baubles.

The guests were a little surprised and horrified—and accepted the presents.

Naturally, the next day half of New York was talking about the bad taste exhibited by the hostess in giving her guests these extravagant presents. There was then a charming old lady in New York, who, being charitably inclined, went to the hostess and explained to her that such a display was in extremely poor taste. The hostess thanked her sincerely and issued her invitations for a second dinner. This time the invitations were limited to fifty, but the acceptances reached sixty.

When the sixty guests sat down at their places before the gold plates they grabbed feverishly at their napkins, only to find that the plates were empty, bare expanses of virgin gold. The hostess afterward confided to the elderly lady that her second *faux pas* had evidently been more disastrous than her first.

III.

COSTS of living and entertaining are five times what they were forty years ago. Ward McAllister gave picnics at his Newport farm, entertaining fifty or sixty persons lavishly, including wines, for three hundred dollars. Contrast this with the enormous expenditures f today, when a débutante's coming out party may easily cost as much as fifteen thousand dollars, and a cut and dried church wedding with reception can hardly be staged for less than that figure!

The wedding of Cathleen Vanderbilt, who, in June, 1923, became Mrs. Harry C. Cushing III. in a ceremony at the Hotel Ambassador in New York, is one of the most notable society weddings of recent years. A careful estimate of the flowers, food, and costumes furnished for this function brings the cost of Mrs. Cushing's wedding to seventy-five thousand dollars. This figure does not include her elaborate trousseau. It merely includes the dainty habiliments which she wore during the ceremony—gown, slippers, lingerie, and the costumes of the bridesmaids and maid of honor.

Mrs. Cushing's wedding, however, was an unusually expensive one. She said her marriage vows against the most elaborate floral background that New York had seen in years. Seven hundred friends attended the reception afterward and partook of an elaborate luncheon which included every imaginable conceit of minced truffles and sauce superimposed on superhams, and quantities of other rarefied culinary delights.

The gowns worn by the bridesmaids boasted real lace. The music was furnished by a full orchestra—the same orchestra that daily plays for millionaires at Newport in the summertime. Mrs. Cushing's wedding cannot be called a typical society wedding because it cost too much.

Most of the weddings that you see chronicled in the daily papers have pared at least fifteen thousand dollars from the bank roll of the bride's father. We speak now of the conventional church function, with reception afterward at Sherry's or at the Colony Club, or in a private home. If novelties are attempted or the young woman has extravagant tastes, as most Social Register brides have, the total cost may far exceed that amount.

Let us consider first the floral decorations. If the nuptial drama is performed against a comparatively modest set of palms at the front of the church, the florist will send a bill for seven hundred dollars. But if flowers are banked in the chancel and handsome bouquets are used on the altar and the front of the sacred edifice is dolled up in truly artistic fashion, papa must expect to write a check for two thousand dollars.

Even this is cut and dried and "Just like every other wedding."

WHEN Caroline C. Prentice became Mrs. Frederic Cromwell, in April, 1923, and her sister Kate became Mrs. Benjamin Brewster Jennings two months later, society marveled at the fairyland into which St. Bartholomew's Protestant Episcopal Church was on both occasions transformed.

Twenty-four growing apple trees had been forced prematurely into bloom and were transported to the church and house for Caroline's nuptials.

This floral miracle cost father John H. Prentice two hundred dollars a tree, which did not include other lavish decorations of flowers used at church and home. The total bill for decorations ran close to ten thousand dollars.

At Mrs. Jennings' wedding there were no apple trees, but gladioli, rambler roses, oak leaves and palms were used in such profusion throughout the church proper, and even in the vestibule, that the cost was estimated by the florist at fifteen thousand dollars.

Not every family figuring in society can afford such an expenditure as was lavished on the Prentice girls, and we now resqueeze our imaginations back into the small compass of a typical wedding.

A bride's bouquet may cost anywhere from fifty to one hundred dollars. The cost soars if the maiden insists on white orchids, which, when used with lilies of the valley, make the bridal bouquet par excellence. A bridesmaid's small bouquet costs ten dollars; a shower effect is rated at twenty-five dollars.

Six bridesmaids and a maid or matron of honor, who also must be provided with a bouquet, usually accompany the bride on her pilgrimage to the altar. If out-of-season flowers are used, the cost is doubled or trebled.

And now, clothes. With a sigh the prospective society bride meditates on the fact that it is possible to costume a bride and six bridesmaids on one thousand five hundred dollars.

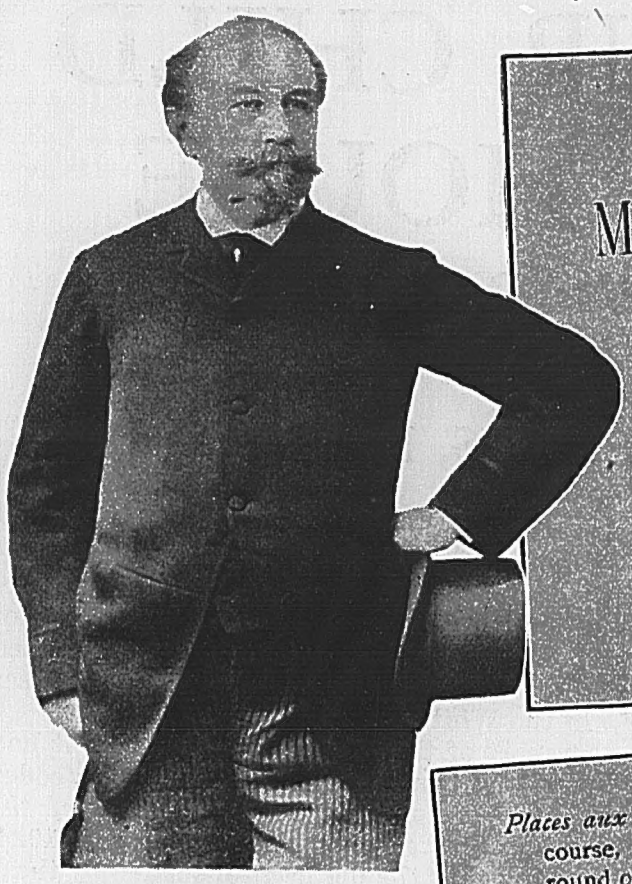
If dad has made unlucky investments of late the feminine coterie may toddle into public view attired on a one thousand five hundred dollar basis, and when the guests reach the reception they will be making feline remarks about the "sweet and simple" wedding.

No one, nowadays, wants to be sweet and simple. In New York, at least, those effects are restricted to theatrical productions depicting home town life, and the plot generally reforms the heroine by making a gorgeous and gaudy lady of her.

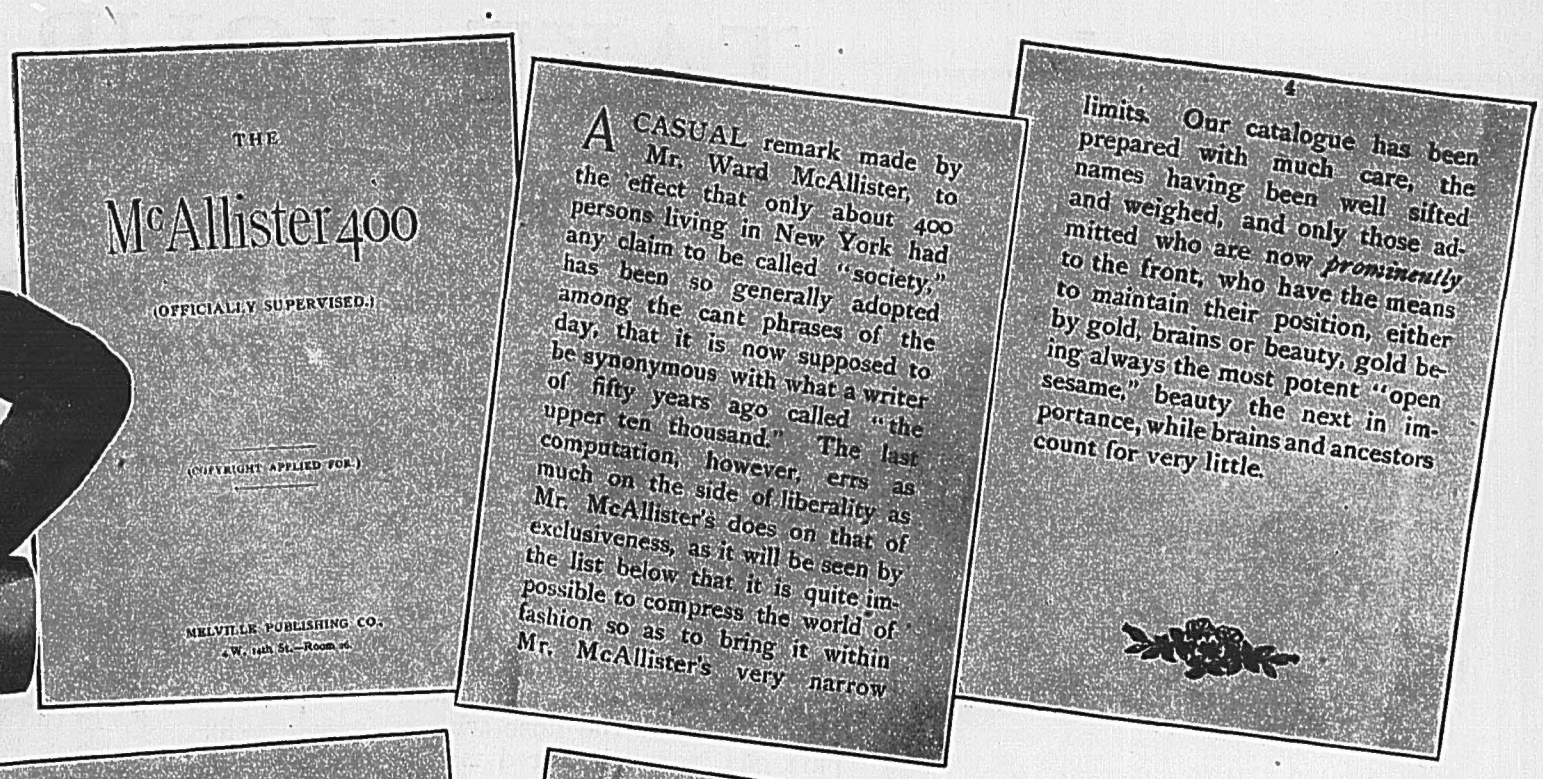
The S. & S. wedding habiliments will stack up something like this:

Bride's gown, of plain white satin	$300
Bride's tulle veil	50
Bride's slippers	15
Stockings, gloves, handkerchief	25
Lingerie	100
Bridesmaids' chiffon gowns, in quantity of six, at $135 apiece	810
Bridesmaids' hats, at $35 apiece	210

But if the bride and her family are not S. & S. souls—if socially ambitious, they are almost certain to be G. & G. (gorgeous and gaudy)—the bridal gown may easily cost two thousand dollars, the pearl embroidery con-



Ward McAllister
Paul Thompson Photo.



Pages from Society's "Domesday Book" which contained 611 Names of Eligibles.

tributing four hundred and fifty dollars of this sum.

Our typical bride was content with a tulle veil. Few brides are so easily appeased in their thirst for a smart wedding. Some wear ancestral lace, but many, many do not, despite the usual newspaper reference to the "veil that is an heirloom in the family." Sometimes these heirlooms are purchased outright, and a real lace veil may be worth anything up to ten thousand dollars.

If a bride wears stockings inset with real lace her ankle attire may cost from two hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars.

The buffet luncheon, which is the rule at wedding receptions nowadays, costs from four dollars to seven dollars per guest, depending on the menu chosen. Five hundred is the average number of guests regaled.

Then there is the orchestra to play for dancing, the engraving costs, and a long list of inevitable "sundries." If you have a flair for figuring things up, you can easily deduce that fifteen thousand dollars is a conservative estimate for a society church wedding.

Even the well known home wedding may assume breath taking proportions. When Mrs. Jay Coogan, daughter of Professor and Mrs. Henry Fairfield Osborn, was married in her parents' Fifth Avenue apartment the panes were removed from certain windows and Eighteenth Century stained glass was substituted to give a cathedral effect. The valuable glass was not purchased — merely borrowed from the collection of the artist who designed the setting for the nuptials. Every other detail was in keeping with the magnificence of the old glass, however, and was paid for in solid cash.

Col. William Jay
Paul Thompson Photo.

In the old days young women played a small part in society. Married women of thirty-five to forty-five dominated the social structure. Today the youthful woman is in the saddle. Youth is the magical password, and everybody must possess it or pretend to possess it.

Society is more inclusive than it was.

TO this day the term Four Hundred is applied to those supposed to be "in society," although twenty times that number now would not include all the persons in New York who may justly claim inclusion.

Today half the people in that group have mothers and fathers of humble origin. That, in Mr. Crowninshield's opinion, is what makes the society of New York so much more entertaining, surprising, and diversified than the society of London, Paris, or Rome.

In New York, every ten years, there is a cleaning out of the old and an ushering in of the new. In Paris, in Rome, and in other European capitals the old figures remain, year after year, without changing, becoming stodgier and stodgier.

This condition prevails for the simple reason that a duke, let us say, in England must inevitably continue being invited to all the court balls and drawing rooms, and to every smart entertainment of any size, simply because his father was an important personage before him, regardless of the fact that the duke may have lost his money, his mind, his charm, and his manners. In New York such a dreary figure would be ousted in short order, and a livelier candidate elevated in his stead.

The late hours deplored by reformers today were only a little earlier under the old régime. Parties in McAllister's day lasted until 3 A. M. Today they last until 5. Roughly speaking, the hours have not varied, however. Nowadays late hours have an unusual significance because they occur night after night, whereas in McAllister's day they occurred perhaps once a week.

In the old days the great dances, the private balls, were the only occasions for late hours. Now the cabaret, the bridge party, and the small "picked up" dance have all added their mite toward making late hours more usual and more frequent.

And as for drinking—prohibition apparently has made no change among society folk. Hear Mr. Crowninshield's surprising utterance:

"The drinking in society today is just about what it has been in the past. In most social clubs the drinking is only a tenth of what it was thirty years ago. Again thirty years ago no one thought of giving a dinner without five or six kinds of wine. Thirty years ago men stopped at half a dozen hotels for a cocktail on the way uptown.

"In all of these three forms, at least, drinking has diminished to a tenth of what it was. But the old average has been maintained by the increased drinking among younger men, particularly college boys and young men at dances and cabarets."

THE END

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish.
Copyright Paul Thompson.

Mrs. William Jay
Paul Thompson Photo.

Perhaps some day your doctor will use this apparatus to cure your colds! It is a portable outfit for emitting dilute chlorine gas, and its value as a cold curer is being tested by medical authorities.

TAKE YOUR CHILD *to the* GAS HOUSE

How an Old Idea Has Reappeared in Modern Efforts to Cure Colds

HOW TO KEEP WELL

By W. A. EVANS, M. D.

"THE children have the whooping cough," Ma said to Pa. "Nothing to worry about. Just take them down to the gas house a few times," Pa said to Ma.

A generation ago the standard treatment for whooping cough in the cities was a few hours of breathing the fumes at the gas house. The doctors didn't think much of the plan and had no hesitation in saying so.

I was among them. Might as well own up, for someone might dig up the statements from somewhere among my thunderings. I am sure I have written these views and virtually these words, more than once.

Then came the great influenza epidemic, leaving in its wake stories of entire populations living near sulphur plants, and great numbers of men who worked in plants where sulphur fumes were generated, who escaped influenza. Among the other reports of groups that escaped the influenza was one which told of how the men employed at the Edgewood Arsenal, in work which exposed them to diluted fumes of chlorine, escaped influenza.

The doubting Thomases came back with two answers. They said no close tab was kept on the men at Edgewood. No one had studied the situation closely enough to say that conditions were comparable with those in other places. The people of Grand Rapids and Detroit had also escaped influenza. They had inhaled no chlorine or other protective gases. If it was inhaling chlorine gas that had protected the Edgewood employés, what had protected Grand Rapids and Detroit?

The Edgewood establishment was under Army supervision. The Army surgeons decided to find out if there was anything to this theory. Doctors Vedder and Sawyer began experimenting. They first made certain that chlorine gas, well diluted, would kill ordinary disease producing bacteria growing in test tubes.

The next step was to find out how strong a dilution of chlorine in air could be tolerated. These experiments showed that chlorine could be detected by the nose when it reached one part gas in one hundred million parts of air. It caused an irritation of the throat when a mixture of five parts gas per hundred million parts of air was breathed for three minutes. A mixture of thirty parts gas per one hundred million of air could be tolerated for a few seconds. A mixture of 300 parts gas to one hundred million parts of air killed a guinea pig that inhaled it for thirty minutes.

The next was to find what strengths of gas killed bacteria in the human throat. It was found that a dilution of two parts gas per one hundred million of air was ample if the inhalation was kept up for one hour. The bacteria tested were those ordinarily found in normal throats. Two parts of gas per one hundred million of air is less than half the strength which caused irritation of the throat after a three minute exposure.

The next was to find a way to mix air and chlorine in such a way so that all parts of the air would contain enough chlorine to kill disease producing bacteria in the human throat, and no part of the mixture would contain enough chlorine seriously to irritate the nose, throat, bronchial tubes, or lungs. The experimenters found an apparatus with which they diluted chlorine with air to a safe and, at the same time, effective dose, and using this they treated 931 people. Of these, 388 had ordinary coryza; 241, acute bronchitis; 127, acute sore throat; 105, chronic colds; 47, chronic bronchitis; 11, influenza, and 9, whooping cough. Of these, 71 per cent were cured, 23 per cent were improved, and 5 per cent were not helped. Nearly all of these 5 per cent who were not helped had chronic troubles.

The next was to find a simple apparatus, one that could be carried from place to place. When such a portable apparatus was devised it was used to treat ninety-three cases. Of these about 95 per cent were reported cured. Of the various people treated, about two-thirds took one treatment, the treatment lasting about one hour; about one-sixth took two treatments; a few took three treatments, and a few more took four. When I saw the experiment as it was being carried out by Doctor Gilchrist in Washington, the method was as follows:

A small room of measured capacity had been set aside in a building used by the Medical Department of the United States Army. In this room there was an ordinary electric fan and a portable chlorine gas dosing apparatus. The only other equipment was such furniture as chairs and lounges. Those taking the treatment merely sat or lounged for one hour in this room. The odor of chlorine gas was noticeable, but not objectionable.

I understand that a similar chamber, similarly equipped, had been provided in the Capitol for the use of members of Congress. I do not know whether President Coolidge was treated in one of those rooms or by an apparatus set up in the White House.

A report of the experiment, as far as it had gone at the time, written by Doctors Vedder and Sawyer, appeared in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* March 8, 1924. Assuming that the observations made by these gentlemen are corroborated, the following is an estimate of the state of the art:

Those who have an ordinary cold, an ordinary sore throat, acute bronchitis, influenza, and whooping cough will be treated by sitting one hour daily for one to four days in a room in which the air contains a certain amount of chlorine. Most of these treatments will be given in rooms specially measured, prepared, and equipped. Some will be treated at home.

The treatment is for the purpose of killing the bacteria in the air passages at the time treatment is taken. It will not increase immunity. In case we should have an epidemic of influenza, the possibility of preventing the disease by having people sit for one hour a day in chlorine air would be considered by health departments. The claim has been made that men who worked in chlorine air about eight hours a day during the great epidemic escaped infection. The bacteria of influenza which they inhaled during the other sixteen hours were supposed to be still in the throat and were killed during the eight work hours. Whether one hour exposure to the dilute chlorine gas will suffice to kill the bacteria taken in during twenty-three hours remains to be seen.

The question of prevention is somewhat broader than the prevention of influenza. Everyone knows that many of the cases of pneumonia suffer with colds for several days prior to the onset of pneumonia. If out of the curative art as it now stands there should develop an art of prevention, the prevention of pneumonia will outrank the prevention of influenza.

It is possible that sending all cases of acute head and chest colds to the gas chamber for an hour a day will prove successful in preventing pneumonia. It may also prove to be a successful means of preventing infections of the middle ear and mastoid.

If further experiments by Doctors Vedder and Sawyer do not confirm this earlier work, or if others fail to get satisfactory results from treatment, we will have to renew the search in many directions for a means of preventing pneumonia.

All of which is pretty good for the old theory. It is in the best company it ever enjoyed. Careful workers have taken notice of it. It is being given a fair trial. Within a year it will either be accepted or it will find itself shelved.

THE END

"What will happen if I smoke?" inquired the cartoonist, taking a deep drag.

Meet the EXPERT BROTHERS —Efficiency *and* Vocational

Introducing a Couple of the Bugaboos of This Biff-Bang-Bingo Age of Business with the Aid of the Founder of the Slow Poke League, Whose Motto Is, "More Fun and Less Work"

By O. O. McINTYRE

Pictures by F. D. STROTHMANN

O. O. McINTYRE is turning out human, humorous articles with a wide appeal. He's an author who can draw on a vast experience. Reporter, feature and political writer, city editor, managing editor, associate editor—he's held every one of these positions on newspapers and magazines all the way from Gallipolis, Ohio, to New York City. His daily articles are now syndicated in over a hundred newspapers. Besides turning these out, he finds time to write for the leading magazines.

I.

MEET Efficient Eustace, the vocational expert. Or have you? He's the brisk lad who may come popping into the factory or office some day and leave you as jobless as the kaiser.

As a leisurely member of the race I don't care for him. Mine is a disorderly mind, and when I see him coming I long to make the cyclone cellar in record time.

For twenty-five years I have been unable successfully to hang up my clothes at night, and the mere thought of saving lost motion by sharpening a lead pencil at a certain angle brings out the goose pimples.

The new efficiency bugaboo is a by-product of the modern biff-bang-bingo age of business. Workers are now selected in the manner of cattle on the hoof. A man's destiny is foreordained by the cut of his ears, his knee jerks, and the slant of his brow—if any.

A couple of adenoids in full bloom may turn a future De Maupassant into a ditch digger. It makes me fearful. I have a wen on my neck and two hangnails, and no doubt I should be doing something big—like washing an elephant—when the unholy desire is to be as inactive as the two-toed sloth.

The human equation is entirely lacking in this eenie-meenie-minie-moe process. I cannot help but wonder what might have happened to the gifted electrical wizard Steinmetz and his twisted spine had he faced this vocational fol-de-rol.

Napoleon's paunch would have placed him on the front seat of a truck commanding two flea bitten mules instead of armies.

And what would have happened to the amazing Helen Keller had she faced a battery of vocational experts in her infancy? One almost shudders at the thought.

The ambitious youngster who leaves Apple Gap, Wisconsin, with the *Weekly Palladium's* ringing accolade, "Apple Gap's loss is New York's gain. Good luck, Orley!" finds success is not altogether a matter of ambition, plus good old-fashioned elbow grease, clean living, and clean thinking.

He arrives in the big town to learn that he hasn't any ability to decide on his career. It is decided by Efficient Eustace, who has a diploma as fresh as himself from a correspondence school of efficiency in Bull, Montana.

Orley's ambition to become an electrical engineer is thwarted. He is perhaps one out of every six and has a touch of pyorrhea. Eustace gums up the works and Orley must return to the business end of a plow and continue hopping clods.

I have a friend who is an efficiency shark. I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Why Limit Your Selection of Home Furnishings?

No matter how good it may be, your "second" or "third" choice isn't good enough. Use the plan originated by Mr. Jay C. Hills over a quarter century ago. This plan permits buying from your neighborhood furniture dealer, and yet greatly enlarges your selection.

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New Self-Massaging Belt Reduces Waist—*Easily!*

Produces same result as an expert masseur, but far quicker, easier and less expensive. Substitutes good, solid, normal tissue for that bulky, useless, disfiguring fat, yet does it so gently that you hardly know it is there.

Science has found a delightfully easy way to quickly remove fat and obtain a normal waistline—without straining your heart with violent gymnastics or weakening your system by starving.

Formerly those who wished to reduce without dieting or strenuous exercise had to go to a professional masseur. His method effectively dislodged the fat and brought about the desired reduction. But it was expensive and time-consuming, and so few could take advantage of it.

Remarkable New Invention

But now a wonderful new invention brings this same effective method within the reach of all. The Weil Scientific Reducing Belt uses this same massage principle, acting by means of its specially prepared and scientifically fitted rubber. It is so constructed that as you wear it, every breath you take and every movement you make imparts a constant gentle massage to every inch of the abdomen. Working for you this way every second, day and night, it reduces much more rapidly than ordinary massage, saving both time and money.

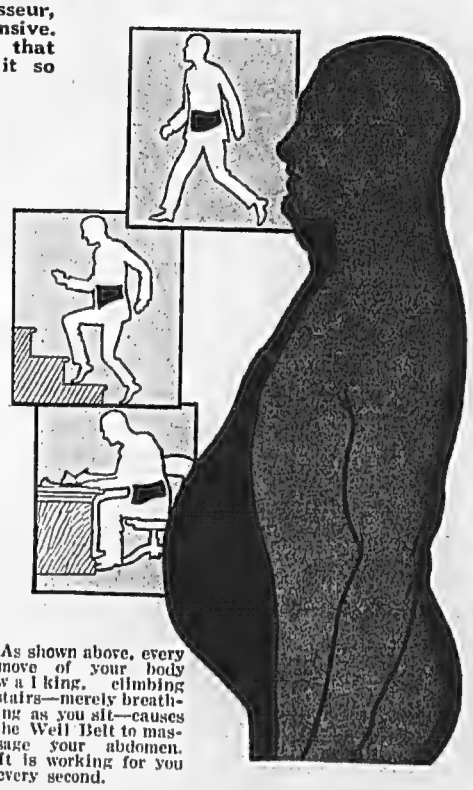
Actually Removes Fat

It does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear thinner. It actually takes off the fat. Within a few weeks you find 4 to 6 inches gone from your waistline. At the same time all your stomach disorders, constipation, backaches and shortness of breath disappear as the sagging internal organs are put back in normal place. Man or woman, you are filled with a wonderful new energy, and both look and feel 10 to 15 years younger.

The Weil Belt is used by hundreds of professional athletes and jockeys because it not only reduces quickly but at the same time preserves their strength. Highly endorsed for its healthful principles by physicians everywhere. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back without question.

Write today for full description. If you write at once you can also get in on a Special Reduced Price Offer being made for a limited time. Mail coupon today to

THE WEIL COMPANY,
8811 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.



As shown above, every move of your body walking, climbing stairs—merely breathing as you sit—causes the Weil Belt to massage your abdomen. It is working for you every second.

The Weil Company,
8811 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and also your Special 10-day Reduced Price Offer.

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Address .....

City ....., State .....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN]

like him. He can order waiters around something elegant and he can tell you how many times each suit has been pressed during the fiscal year. He bubbles with useless information—such as why the Tower of Pisa leans and what brings on electrolysis in rails.

But he has never been able to unfold the collapsible seat in a taxi without wilting a collar and breaking three nails.

We were riding downtown in a street car one day and he was mildly rebuking me for this dereliction and that. I didn't keep a budget. (I wouldn't know one if it jumped in my lap.) I hadn't trained my memory for telephone numbers and was shifty in a hundred and more ways.

Yet when I got off the car I waited until it stopped. Eustace didn't. He's thrifty that way with minutes, and he put a dent in the asphalt with his head. It took five men a day to fix the hole in the street.

I may not be a "hundred pointer" and the fall out of the high chair when I was four may have spoiled a career. But I still have a few points left. And I don't ask silly questions.

Another vocational expert I knew hopped into a New York bank and began to make it over. He dragged a cashier out of his cage and thumped him and razzed his brains. At the end he said, "You oughtn't to be cashier at all. You ought to run the elevator." Then he thumped and tested the elevator man and said his knee jerks and reflexes showed he ought to be a cashier.

Well, the bank, as an experiment, agreed to the transfer. Two months after the change the elevator man, made a cashier, jumped out of the state and took twelve thousand with him.

The expert, when last heard from, was vacationing.

IT is the efficiency expert's job to gumshoe into the factory and show the boss how to wring more toil from unwilling slaves. He is the High Apostle of Action.

He cat-hops about, sniffing for the germs of laziness. They tell of one who made a sudden appearance in the basement of a New York factory. Turning a corner, he came suddenly upon a young shipping clerk who was puffing at a cigaret.

"How much are you paid a week?" demanded Efficient Eustace with an ominous click.

"Fifteen dollars," replied the clerk, suddenly exhaling a cloud of cigaret fumes.

Efficient Eustace took out a roll of bills, ripped off fifteen dollars, and barked:

"Take this, get out of here, and don't you ever come back."

The clerk shuffled toward the door, gave vent to a yawn that struggled for expression, and said:

"Thanks, old top. I was just in here stealing a few drags. I work next door." And he disappeared.

Not so many years ago "Bud" Fisher, the clever cartoonist, was employed on a certain New York morning newspaper. He was just developing the cartoon characters which have made him one of the highest salaried limners in the business.

One day there came a staggering offer from another paper, and Fisher asked to be released from his contract to make hay while the sun was shining. His request was refused.

Fisher did most of his work at home, but now and then would drop into the art room of his paper. There the publishers had employed an Efficient Eustace to do his stuff. He put up a ban on smoking the first thing. Fisher knew nothing of the order and strolled in puffing a cigaret.

"Smoking is not permitted here," said the efficiency expert with an ominous click of his teeth.

"What will happen if I smoke?" inquired the cartoonist, taking a deep drag.

"You will be dismissed."

"Fine," said Fisher. "I'll be here at two o'clock with three packages of cigarets to be lighted one after another, and if you'll fire me I'll have ten thousand dollars in cash to hand over to you for your very own."

Fisher was there—but the efficiency expert was not.

II.

OF course, employés chained to their jobs are in awe of the efficiency shark. They know they are being watched, and it is rather difficult to hit on high.

It is like writing a letter with someone looking over your shoulder. They cannot do their best work. A stage comedian invariably falls down when someone says, "Now, you be funny!"

The old and faithful bookkeeper may not use the prevailing shade of ink or close his ledgers with the proper no-time-lost motion, but most of them have the interest of their employer at heart and will not whine if they have to sit on a high stool all night to strike off the proper trial balance.

We would welcome a chance to take an Efficient Eustace back home and let him do his stuff in Cousin Sennett Young's grocery. To the eye everything is muddled, even the name.

Nobody pays cash and Cousin Sennett keeps books on the top of flour barrels, the walls, and in his head.

He has to hunt around at times to find where he keeps the new consignment of cheese. If he wants to leave the store he leaves it flat and customers have to wait

until he comes back. If he is playing checkers or pitch, customers must wait on themselves.

Efficient Eustace would give Cousin Sennett's place the once over and probably bust right out crying.

Still Cousin Sennett owns one of the finest homes in town, four hundred and thirty-two acres of elegant bottom farmland; has raised and educated a large family, is a director in two banks, president of the spoke factory, owns two automobiles, and goes to either Europe or California for three months each year.

He and efficiency are complete strangers. And if Efficient Eustace called on him he would probably have him out pitching horseshoes in the courthouse square before the day was over—while somebody else looked out for the store.

THERE is still another place I would like to see Efficient Eustace in, now that he is so gosh-awful uppity, and that is the only world of work I know—the newspaper editorial room. It is to the casual eye the most disorganized haven of inefficiency in the world.

Nothing is done by rote. Everything is haphazardly done. Shirt-sleeved workers apparently spend a large part of their time lounging about, smoking cigarets, gossiping idly, with their feet cocked up on the desks. In appearance they are about the most shiftless body of workers to be found anywhere.

Still I doubt if any thoroughly vocationalized business office or factory is so highly sensitized or as quick to galvanize into smooth and efficient action as the editorial room. Untrained in teamwork, uncharted and undiagrammed, the editorial department will, when a big story breaks, show more high speed and less lost motion and quicker results than any body of men I have ever seen.

And, as somebody or other has said—was it Epictetus?—there's a reason. And back of that reason permit an inefficient slob to advance his idea of the fundamental of all successful endeavor.

It is the love of one's job. It is rare one finds a reporter, editor, or sub-editor who is not thrilling to his work. Each day he starts on a high adventure—an adventure teeming with all the romances of the world.

He is not guided by charts. He is more than likely to be governed by his heart than his head. Yet when the big moment comes there is perfect coördination between them.

I am quite fond of the human race. A number of my friends belong to it, and I have no personal grudge against efficiency experts, but I believe their cause is a weak one.

The world is galloping along too swiftly as it is. There is need of a few brakes. If you don't believe it, try to cross the busy street of a large city without being plunked in the pistol pocket.

More than ten thousand people were killed in a year frisking up and down in elevators, and not one died from walking up and down stairs.

Thousands more are not with us as the result of efforts to beat trains to railroad crossings in their automobiles.

Sanitariums are going up on every street and are filled with harried men of affairs who have tried to answer telephones, dictate letters, and eat luncheon at the same time. Now they are spending their time counting the flowers on the wall paper and wondering who has their old job.

I once wrote an article for Liberty entitled Putting the Yawn in Business. Today I'm for the double yawn and triple stretch.

As a result of this article one reader wrote me an interesting letter. He was not exactly angry, but he was terribly, terribly hurt.

"Where would we be," he inquired, "if it were not for the steam of American business methods? What would we do without all the modern time-saving devices of business? What, my dear sir, would happen?"

Business of making a magnificent gesture! And, not to give my friend a short answer, but to follow his fashion of speed and directness, I'll answer with one word—NOTHING.

Mark you well—and when I say "Mark you well!" it doesn't mean a bloomin' thing—some day we are going to slide back into a rut of less efficiency and more of the neighborliness in business of our ancestors.

And I believe we are going to live longer and be happier. I'd like to go down to posterity as the organizer of the Slow Poke League. The motto would be:

"More fun and less work."

THIS zeal for short cuts in business has thrown thousands of capable workers out of jobs. The most competent stenographer I know operates the typewriter with two fingers. I never knew her to make a mistake. What she might lack in speed she makes up in carefulness.

Her untrained digits would send her out in the cold, cold world job hunting if she met Efficient Eustace.

Near the beginning of this article I told something about an efficiency shark friend of mine. It may be low down, but I can't help mentioning the last time I saw him. When I ran into him he was feeding himself hash at one of those stand-up-while-you-eat counters in a one-arm basement restaurant. (Why was I there? None of your business.) He began to talk to me about saving millions, the way I talk about saving dimes. But I noticed his suit was shiny and his trouser-cuffs frayed. He stopped talking millions long enough to ask me if I knew of any vacant job that would suit a man of his punch, pep, and steam.

Not to be catty, but I rather cling to the hope this article will send a few Eustaces into just his predicament. Some day they are going to smoke me out, and then there is going to be nothing to do but go to work. And, jumping Jupiter, how I dread that!

THE END

If he is playing checkers or pitch, customers must wait on themselves.

CRIMES, LIMITED

Introducing a Fascinating Character Unique in Fiction---a Beautiful Robin Hood in Petticoats!

By FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

Pictures by RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

"If this man Ogden has in his possession the stock and the check

EPISODE I.

IN GLEAMING gold and silver Elinor stood before the dark curtains of the doorway. To Donald she seemed like a slender, flashing sword.

"The man is a thief!" she exclaimed passionately. "And a scoundrel as well!"

Donald regarded her with a tender glance. The admiration in his eyes was not alone for the pale loveliness of her, the magnolia-like texture of her skin, the small, proud head with its crown of satin-smooth hair, the slim, flowing lines of her figure, but most of all for the bright, brave spirit which illuminated her whole being like an eager flame.

"Why?" he asked mechanically, thinking more of Elinor than of what she had said.

"Because he has not only stolen this girl's money, but has made use of her poverty to force his beastly attentions on her. He ought to be in jail!"

"I could advise you better," Donald said gravely, "if I knew the details."

"I'll have Miss Whiteley give them to you herself. Norma!" she called through the curtains. A slim girl in black came to the door, her pale loveliness in striking contrast to Elinor's brilliant beauty. Elinor drew her into the room.

"This is my friend, Mr. McRae, Norma," she said. "He may be able to help you. Would you mind telling him about Mr. Ogden?"

Miss Whiteley sat on the edge of the couch, nervously clasping and unclasping her hands.

"I—it happened last month," she began in a strained voice—"after my father died. We lived upstate, near Gloversville. There was some stock in a water power company Dad had given me. His other property—it wasn't much—went to pay his debts. Mr. Ogden, who started the company, used to come to our house whenever he was in town to consult my father, who was a doctor. That was how Dad came to put his money into the company. He thought Mr. Ogden was wonderful, but I never liked him much, although he was always very nice to me when he came to the house.

"My father gave me the stock when he was taken sick—indorsed it over to me, and said, if anything happened, I must go to New York and see Mr. Ogden—that he would arrange about selling it for me. I had to sell it, of course, having only a very little money. So I came and had a talk with him at his office—about two weeks ago.

"He was very pleasant, offered to buy the stock for twenty-five thousand dollars, had it transferred, and then gave me a check for the amount. Knowing that I had no way to get the check cashed, he said if I would indorse it he would give me the money in the morning—open a bank account for me. He couldn't do it that afternoon, as the banks were closed. After that he insisted on my taking dinner with him, although I didn't care particularly about it.

"The next day, when I went for the money, he put me off, said he had been too busy to arrange matters, and wanted to talk further with me about my affairs. He said he would come to my hotel that night. I shouldn't have believed him, I suppose, but he was very kind and friendly. But when he began to make love to me at dinner I saw at once that his kindness was just a horrible mask.

"The rest of the week I don't like to think about. He put me off day after day, knowing my money was almost gone, refusing to give me any, making all sorts of promises if I would be 'nice to him,' as he kept putting it. Finally, when every dollar I had brought with me was gone, he telephoned me to come to his office—that he was ready to settle with me. I went. It was Saturday afternoon, and there was no one at the office but himself. I can't tell you the things he said—what he tried to do to me. I don't know how I got out. I suppose it was because I screamed. When I got back to the hotel—I had to walk, because I'd spent my last cent—they told me if I didn't pay my bill I would have to give up my room. I didn't know

—A Transaction *in* Pearls

A ROMANCE-Mystery Series, Each Story Complete in Itself

he gave Miss Whiteley, both properly endorsed, she hasn't any case against him."

what to do, so I went out and wandered around the park. That's where I met Miss Vance." She took Elinor's hand, tears showing in her eyes. "I—I'd rather not talk about it any more, if you don't mind."

Elinor rose, led her to the door.

"Thanks, dear," she said. "That's all. I'll discuss the matter with Mr. McRae." When the girl had left the room she turned to Donald, her eyes glowing.

"A dirty hound, Don," she whispered. "What can she do? Have him arrested?"

"It's a rotten shame, Elinor," he muttered, "but I'm afraid she can't do anything."

"Good God! Do you mean to say——"

"I mean to say, dear, that if this man Ogden has in his possession the stock and the check he gave Miss Whiteley, both properly indorsed, she hasn't any case against him."

"But—her word——"

"No better than his. A man of position—standing. With documentary evidence to prove his claims. Ogden would merely claim she was trying to blackmail him. You know how often men in his position are victimized——"

"Not by women like Norma Whiteley."

"I know. But her indorsement on the check is written acknowledgment that she received the money. Ogden will say he gave it to her—has no doubt had the check cashed to prove it. I'm sorry, Elinor. I'd like to see this fellow get what he deserves. But from a legal standpoint Miss Whiteley is powerless." He went over to Elinor and took her hands in his. "Do you know, dear, I hate to seem unsympathetic, but I thought when you sent for me tonight that you wanted to talk to me about something else—that you might have changed your mind about—us. Have you?" His voice was no longer that of the man of affairs; each word was a caress.

"No!" Elinor drew away her hands, rose. In her eager, almost passionate interest in Miss Whiteley's troubles Elinor seemed more than ever the flashing sword.

"WE'RE too far apart, Don. You uphold the law and call it justice. Too often it's injustice—the bitterest sort. I can't stand that. It—it makes me burn all over." She gave a vivid gesture. "Why should I marry you? Money? I have that! Social position? It's bored me all my life—a dull and stupid game. I want something—real. When I look around me—see how cruel your laws can be to the under dog, I—well, I can understand why some people are anarchists. If you'd only offered to help this girl."

"The most practical way to help her, at this moment," Donald suggested, "would be to find her something to do."

"That isn't necessary. I've already engaged her as my secretary." The tiny wrinkles that twisted about Elinor's eyes made them suddenly humorous. "You're always practical, aren't you, Don. Probably your Scotch nature. If I advise Miss Whiteley to buy a gun and shoot this Ogden person full of holes, will you use your influence at the district attorney's office to get her off?"

"Why talk nonsense? Two wrongs don't make a right."

"Hell's bells! Now you're going to quote copybook maxims to me. I thought that as a lawyer, a student of criminology, you might be of some help, but it seems you're a total loss. Run along, now, or you may miss your dinner. I'll have to think this thing out by myself."

When he had gone she stood for several minutes watching the smoke from her cigaret as it writhed in sinuous patterns along the eddying currents about the fireplace. Then she went into the next room.

"He can't do anything, Norma," she said

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passionately. "I wonder if it would be worth while to have a talk with Ogden's wife? I think, tomorrow, I'll try it."

II.

ELINOR had been sitting in the big drawing room but a few moments when a dapper little man came through a doorway at the rear and approached her, smiling a thin, mechanical smile.

"I am Mr. Evarts, Mrs. Ogden's private secretary, miss," he said apologetically. "I regret to say that she cannot see you. She always lies down to rest every day between three and four and cannot be disturbed."

"Really. Well, it's ten minutes to four now. I'll wait."

"But, if you haven't an appointment, I'm afraid"—Mr. Evarts' expression was doubtful. "You're not from one of the newspapers, are you?"

"I'm not a reporter," Elinor laughed. "My business is entirely personal. Is that Mrs. Ogden?" She indicated a large oil painting over the mantel.

"Yes. By Sorg. A brilliant piece of work."

Elinor crossed the room in order to examine the portrait more closely. A coarse, vulgar woman, she thought, in spite of the artist's flattery. About her neck was a circlet of green stones; it held her tightly, like the collar of a garrote.

"Wearing the Vasiloff emeralds," Mr. Evarts went on, his face lighting up with enthusiasm. "You've heard of them, I suppose."

"No," said Elinor. "I haven't."

"Really. They once belonged to the Grand Duke Sergius, and were fully described, along with Mrs. Ogden's other valuable jewels, in *Town and Garden* last month. If you'd like to look at it while waiting"—he darted into the next room and at once returned with an illustrated magazine which he placed in Elinor's hands. "Are you fond of jewels?"

"Not particularly," Elinor said, glancing carelessly through the pages of the book.

"To me they are wonderful. Like living things. Mrs. Ogden has some very fine pieces. They are a great responsibility, though. I have to get them from the trust company vaults whenever she wants to wear them. The bank provides an armed guard, of course, but still——" he shrugged his slender shoulders.

Elinor yawned. A clock chimed musically in the hall.

"It's four now," she said. "Would you mind asking Mrs. Ogden——"

Mr. Evarts withdrew. In a few moments he was back again.

"If your business is really important," he said, "Mrs. Ogden will receive you for five minutes in her boudoir."

Elinor followed the little man upstairs.

She found the subject of Mr. Sorg's portrait enthroned in an easy chair like a sagging and badly modeled Buddha. A manicurist was busy over one of her pudgy hands; a hairdresser was arranging her hair. She stared at Elinor with an expression which grew more friendly as she realized that her caller was clearly a lady.

Mr. Ogden, a tender parting in mind, found his fingers clutching empty air.

"What can I do for you, miss?" she asked.

"If I could speak to you for a moment in private——"

Mrs. Ogden frowned, seemed about to object, then thought better of it and nodded. The manicurist and hairdresser withdrew.

"I shan't be long," Elinor said eagerly. "I have come to you on behalf of a young woman, a girl, who recently had some business dealings with your husband. These dealings, for certain reasons which I need not go into now, have been unsatisfactory to her. He refuses to see her—to adjust the matter. What I want you to do, Mrs. Ogden, is this: Say to your husband that this girl is in need of money—desperate. Her name is Whiteley, and I am sure if you were just to mention the matter to Mr. Ogden he would see that——"

Mrs. Ogden had been slowly drawing herself up like an angry and overfed pigeon.

"I never interfere in Mr. Ogden's business affairs," she snorted, "and I cannot understand your impertinence, miss, in coming to me with such a story. If I had known——"

"Please, listen to me," Elinor said hastily. "The girl is very poor. From what I hear I do not think she has been fairly treated. If you will let me tell you about her——"

"I shall do nothing of the sort. How dare you come here and threaten me or my husband——"

"I have made no threats." Elinor's eyes were flaming dangerously. "I am only asking you to do an act of justice. As one woman to another I give you my word that——"

"I won't hear any more. If this is an attempt at blackmail my husband will know how to deal with it. Ellen!" A maid popped in from the adjoining room. "Have Partridge show this young woman the door!"

Elinor, feeling that she had somehow bungled, made a final appeal.

"Mrs. Ogden," she said. "I have not accused your husband of dishonesty. I have not

accused him of anything, nor did I come here to do so. My only thought was that if you would take up this poor girl's case a word from you might——"

"Unless she goes at once, Ellen," Mrs. Ogden said, in a voice having the quality of crushed ice, "you will ask Partridge to call the police."

Elinor went. There was nothing else to do. As she reached the sidewalk she glanced down with a cynical laugh. The magazine which Mr. Evarts had given her was still tightly clutched in her left hand.

III.

MR. JOSIAH OGDEN was reading a newspaper when his secretary, Miss Pollock, came in with a card. He glanced at it with small, hard eyes, running the tip of his tongue along his pendulous lower lip in a manner peculiarly cruel, reptilian.

"Olga Bruzovna," he read aloud. "Must be a Russian. What sort of a looking woman is she? Young or old?"

"Quite young. Some might call her good looking. Shall I send her in?"

"Oh—I suppose it's the quickest way to get rid of her," Mr. Ogden replied, with an indifference which was belied by the flare of interest in his close-set eyes.

When, a few moments later, a young woman in black came into the room, Mr. Ogden rose somewhat heavily from his chair and stared at her, wondering whether the deep red mark which crossed her cheek just below her right eye was a birthmark or a scar. It marred a face which might otherwise have been beautiful.

"What can I do for you, miss?" he asked.

"Mr. Ogden," the girl said, with a pronounced but very pleasing accent, "I am Olga Bruzovna, from Moscow. Because of the troubles in my poor Russia I am here, an exile in your great country, without money, without friends——"

"Humph!" Mr. Ogden grunted, his amiability vanishing like a summer cloud. "I'm sorry, miss, but if you are looking for financial assistance——"

"Ah, no!" The girl threw up her hands with a little cry of protest. "It is not that. I want money—yes—but it is not charity I seek. I wish to sell something. My mother's necklace of pearls. It is very valuable. I—what you say—smuggled it in—hidden in the lining of my coat. Now, because I am poor—because my brother Michael is sick, I must sell it—at once—for what it will bring."

"Why come to me?" Mr. Ogden asked, not greatly impressed. "My wife already has a string of pearls. I bought them for her last year. You should try a dealer."

"I have. A big store on Fifth Avenue. But they ask me so many questions about myself, about how I bring the necklace into this country, that I think maybe they will arrest me, and I am afraid to go back. I say to myself, I must find some kind gentleman who will understand my so unfortunate position—respect my secret. But how? Then my brother Michael, he say to me, you must look in the newspapers and when you see some names of rich girls who are to be married, go to their fathers and maybe they will buy the necklace for a wedding present."

Miss Bruzovna took a newspaper clipping from her purse.

"There you see it say that Miss Emily Ogden she will soon be married, yes? If you have not already selected for her a present"—the girl hesitated for an instant, the suggestion of tears in her voice—"Oh, my dear kind friend, I shall be so grateful!" She thrust out one of her hands in an impulsive gesture. Mr. Ogden at once took it, gave the slender fingers a sympathetic squeeze.

"All right, little girl," he said. "Don't cry. I'll take a look at your necklace."

"Ah—but it is not here. I have it locked in the safe, at my hotel. And I do not wish to have you take my word for its value. We must let a jeweler say what it is worth. There is a man on Fifth Avenue, near Fiftieth Street. His name, it is Benjamin. It may be you know him—yes?" Mr. Ogden nodded. "That is good. I will bring the necklace there, today, at half past four. If it should happen I am a little late, you will wait for me, please?"

Again Mr. Ogden nodded. It could do no harm to look at the girl's necklace; it was clear that she was not trying to swindle him. Benjamin's valuation would be as safe as the Bank of England.

"And one thing more," Miss Bruzovna added eagerly. "No matter what this Benjamin he say the necklace is worth, I will accept even a lower price. That is because I must have the money at once—in what you call—cash. I must return to Washington, where my brother is in the hospital, tonight. The doctors, the nurses—all, they must be paid. And the money we have borrowed—Oh, so much. It is hard, to be poor, is it not? And once, my father he pay for this necklace a hundred thousand rubles."

Except in one particular the arrangements suited Mr. Ogden very well. He was to get the pearls at practically his own price. Cash, in paying for smuggled goods, would be infinitely preferable to a check. But it did *not* please him to think that this charming young creature, alone in New York, was so soon to disappear from view.

"If you could put off your trip to Washington until tomorrow," he said, "we might have dinner together and talk matters over."

"I am sorry—it is impossible—at this time." She gave him a breath-taking smile. "My brother expects me. But if next week I should return"—she spoke with a pretty hesitation which inflamed Mr. Ogden's imagination mightily—"it would be very nice And now, I must go. You will meet me, at half past four? My dear good friend—how can I ever thank you? *Au revoir.*"

Mr. Ogden, a tender parting in mind, found his fingers clutching empty air.

IV.

A LITTLE before four o'clock that afternoon a young man wearing a soft hat, a long gray overcoat, turned into Park Avenue from Fifty-first Street, and walked slowly up the block. His clothes were American in cut, but from his dark complexion, his small black mustache, one might have judged him a foreigner.

He strolled along at a leisurely pace to the next corner and then turned back. Presently he stepped to the curb and attempted to light a cigaret, something made a trifle difficult by the brisk March wind. He had just struck his fifth match when a taxicab, proceeding up Park Avenue at a rapid pace, attracted his attention. Its sole occupant, a young woman, was reading a letter. As she came abreast of the man on the sidewalk she suddenly tore the letter to bits and tossed the fragments into the street.

The young man immediately dropped his cigaret, put the box of matches into his pocket, and went up to the door of a large house standing next but one to the corner. To the butler, who presently appeared, he handed a card.

"I am Mr. Lemoine," he said, "of Eagan, Jennison and Lemoine, private detectives, in the Sanger Building. Mr. Ogden has heard

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rumors of a plot to steal his wife's pearl necklace while she is at the opera tonight and has sent me up to investigate. I must see Mrs. Ogden at once."

"Mrs. Ogden is lying down," the butler replied, staring doubtfully at the card. "She is never disturbed between three and four."

"So Mr. Ogden said." The young man glanced at his watch. "I see I am a few minutes ahead of time. But, as the matter is important, I shall, of course, wait. Please send word to Mrs. Ogden that I am here and ready to see her as soon as she is dressed." With an air of importance he seated himself upon a settee at one side of the hall.

The butler hesitated for a moment, then slowly began to mount the stairs. As soon as he was out of sight the young man replaced his soft hat, pulling it well down over his eyes, and drew from the pocket of his overcoat an automatic pistol.

For a few moments everything was quiet. Then the silence was broken by the click of a key in the lock and the front door was pushed open. Against the fading daylight stood Mr. Evarts, behind him a stocky man in uniform.

"All right, McAuliffe," Mr. Evarts said. "Come at ten in the morning, as usual. Good day." He stepped into the house and, closing the door after him, started down the hall. As he did so the man on the bench rose and nonchalantly thrust the barrel of his pistol into the astonished secretary's face.

"Hand over those pearls—quick!" he whispered.

MR. EVARTS stood in amazed silence, his hands fluttering mechanically to his breast. Without a moment's hesitation the man with the pistol reached forward with his left hand and drew a flat leather case from inside the secretary's coat. As he attempted to thrust it into his overcoat pocket, however, it slipped from his fingers and fell to the floor, coming open as it struck the hard, polished surface.

With an exclamation the thief stooped over; when he straightened up again the pearls were dangling from his outstretched hand.

The secretary sprang forward, clutching at the necklace in an effort to recover it. For a moment the two men tugged, then the string broke, and the pearls rattled to the floor.

The secretary sank to the floor and frantically began to gather them up, at the same time shielding them with his body.

The man with the pistol raised it as though to bring it down upon the other's head, but a cry from the stairs stopped him. The butler, returning from the floor above, stood on the landing, calling loudly for help.

The thief did not wait to recover his lost loot. Dropping the pistol into his overcoat pocket, he dashed through the door, swinging it sharply to after him.

It was several minutes before a policeman arrived. By that time Mr. Evarts had gathered up the pearls in his handkerchief, counting them to make sure that none was missing. When the tally was complete he went up to Mrs. Ogden and told her his story. She promptly locked the pearls in her wall safe and directed Mr. Evarts to telephone her husband. Mr. Ogden, however, could not be reached; he had left the office, his secretary said, some fifteen minutes before.

V.

ELINOR came into the living room with outstretched hand, smiling her characteristically quizzical smile.

"Hello, Don!" she exclaimed gayly. "What brings you out so early? Has the office declared a vacation, or are you going to take me for a drive?"

Donald McRae went up to her, his face singularly grave.

"Elinor," he said, "what do you know about this affair at Mr. Ogden's yesterday afternoon?"

"Why pick on me? I've read the newspapers——"

"After what you said about Mr. Ogden the other day I thought you might have had a hand in it, and naturally I've been worried. You're quite mad enough——"

"Do you think so? Well, Don, I'll tell you one thing—if I had gone after those pearls I'd have gotten them, you can depend on that. Haven't the police arrested anybody yet?"

"No. I've been talking the matter over with Inspector Doyle at headquarters—largely on your account, my dear girl, and so far they haven't a clew. The thing was cleverly planned, all right, even though it turned out a failure. The thief evidently knew that it was Mrs. Ogden's habit to lie down from three to four every day, and that the secretary, Evarts, always took whatever pieces of jewelry she intended to wear from the vaults of the trust company just before its closing hour at four o'clock.

"He placed his finger on the one weak link in the chain of protection which had been thrown about the jewels—the moment when the secretary, having dismissed the guard at the door, would be alone in the hall. It was easy enough to get the butler out of the way temporarily by sending him upstairs with a message to Mrs. Ogden. And he arranged to enter the house immediately in advance of the secretary by having a confederate, a woman, on watch at the trust company. She drove uptown in a cab just ahead of the Ogden machine and threw a torn letter out of the cab window as a signal.

"The police have found the cabman, but not the girl. A red-haired woman, the cabman says, wearing glasses. Probably a disguise. But what puzzles me most about the whole affair is this Russian girl who came to see Mr. Ogden that morning—tried to sell him a necklace. You read his statement, I suppose, in the newspapers?"

"Yes," Elinor said slowly. "I did. And I noticed that when the reporters asked him if he had met the girl at Benjamin's that afternoon he refused to answer without first consulting his attorneys."

"Exactly. But he *did* meet her. Benjamin says the girl came in about a quarter to five, bringing her necklace, and that he valued it at thirty-five thousand dollars."

"Really? And did Ogden buy it?"

"I don't know. Benjamin says he and the woman left the store together as soon as the necklace had been appraised. What occurred after that he, of course, cannot say."

"But Ogden can. Why not ask him?"——

"They have, of course, the inspector tells me, but he refuses to give any information beyond the fact that he left the girl at once. Possibly he *did* buy the necklace and is afraid to say so, not wishing to be accused of dealing in smuggled goods. If this Russian woman could be found the thing would be simple enough, but she seems to have disappeared completely. The police have traced her to the Pennsylvania Station — she told the cabman who drove her there that she was in a hurry—had to make a train for Washington; but she didn't board any train. If she had she would have been recognized instantly on account of the birthmark, or scar, on her cheek."

"Queer," Elinor remarked with one of her wrinkling smiles, "that a woman so vividly marked that everyone in town could identify her on sight should take part in a crime."

"Just what I told the inspector. Personally I don't believe this Russian girl had anything to do with the affair at Mr. Ogden's at all. She couldn't have, for at the very moment she was showing her necklace to Mr. Ogden at Benjamin's, Mrs. Ogden's string was securely locked up in the wall safe in her bedroom. Well, dear girl, it's a great relief to know that you weren't mixed up in the thing. Good-by, and take care of yourself."

When the door had closed after him Elinor went into the adjoining bedroom, her eyes brilliant with laughter.

"It's all right, Norma; he's gone," she exclaimed. "We'd better finish packing."

Miss Whiteley drew a small satchel from beneath the bed, lifted the counterpane which hid a curious collection of objects upon it. Elinor checked them off one by one.

"LET'S see—here's your red wig and glasses, and the black one I wore as Olga Bruzovna. Curious, isn't it, what an excellent birthmark you can make with a little grease paint, and how easily you can rub it off. And my long Russian coat. I had to make a quick change, I can tell you, in order not to be late for my appointment at Mr. Benjamin's.

"Just give the satchel to Miss Cross—she'll know what to do with it. It was dear of her to let me have the use of all this stuff, and her studio, to change in, as well. I'm sure nobody saw me go in.

"You see, it's only three blocks from the Ogdens' house, and the alarm hadn't been given then. Not that it would make any great difference—there are thousands of men with gray overcoats and hats, and it was too dark in the hall for either Evarts or the butler to give an accurate description of the thief.

"Do you know, it's rather remarkable that none of those sleuths at headquarters has been able to put his finger on the one glaring improbability in the whole affair. They all assume that I dropped the jewel case to the floor accidentally. No doubt they suppose I let Mr. Evarts break the string of pearls in a moment of absent-mindedness, not realizing that if he hadn't I would have broken it myself. We'll burn this magazine. Rather a mistake, I think, for anyone to allow detailed descriptions of their jewelry to be printed. We'd never have known the number of pearls in the string, their size, if it hadn't been for that.

"I suppose Mrs. Ogden won't find out that the ones she has locked in her wall safe are imitations till she sends them to be restrung—not even then, maybe, if Mr. Ogden discovers it first. Well, he's got his necklace back, and we have the twenty-five thousand he stole from you, so honors are even."

Elinor thrust the long black coat into the satchel, locked it.

"Somehow, Norma"—her voice grew suddenly serious—"I rather like this Robin Hood stunt. It's not only full of perfectly delicious thrills, but I can see how it might be used to help a lot of people who can't get any help from the law. Suppose we organize ourselves into a trust—I'll be president—you, secretary and treasurer—and start a little rescue band of our own. Call it—well—how about Crimes, Limited?" Her quick laughter was by no means entirely humorous.

Another episode in the astounding career of the newly formed wrong-righting trust of Crimes, Limited, will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

The demand for babies is greater than the supply — the societies that supply babies for adoption have long waiting lists of applicants.

Do YOU *Want to* ADOPT *a* BABY?

This Article Will Tell You How Some of the Home-Finding Agencies Operate, How to Obtain a Foster Child, and What to Do After That

By BRENDA UELAND

Picture by W. B. KING

IF YOU want to adopt a baby you had better put in your application right away, because you will probably have to wait a long time before you get one. The demand for babies is greater than the supply.

The societies that place babies for adoption have long waiting lists of applicants. And this, in spite of the fact that there seem to be altogether too many wan children and sickly babies in the world.

Mrs. R. C. Talbot-Perkins of the Alliance of Women's Clubs in Brooklyn placed sixty babies last year. She has always over sixty standing orders that she can't fill.

The Spence School Alumnae Association of New York City also places babies. They tell the same story.

The State Charities Aid Association, with headquarters in New York City, finds homes for over two hundred children a year. They have always on their waiting list from six to seven hundred applicants.

Here are the reasons for the shortage:

You can't get married women, if they are any good at all, no matter how miserably poor or how exhausted with a large family, to give away their children. All adoption agencies agree on that.

So almost the only babies to be had are the illegitimate ones.

Now, on the other hand, there are many kinds of people who want to adopt babies. First, childless couples, a vast number of these. No matter how anti-baby people are in the first two decades of married life, the parental instinct gets them sooner or later. It is a violent thing. It attacks men as well as women. In middle age there develops in most people a longing for children. The prospect of sinking childless into old age and, finally, death becomes inexpressibly bleak and forlorn.

Second, there are people with sons who want to adopt a daughter, with daughters who want a son. Third, there are spinsters. And fourth, bachelors. And, since among all these there is only one class of babies to be divided—*i. e.*, the illegitimate—there are not enough to go around.

THERE is another important reason for the shortage. Better social work is being done. It is now known that the best thing for a baby is for it to stay with its mother, married or unmarried. It is usually better for a child to be brought up by a poor young unmarried mother who must work as a servant to support herself and baby than to be adopted by rich foster parents.

Mr. Homer Folks, secretary of the State Charities Aid Society of New York, writes: "The separation of a child from its mother means in one-half of all cases that the baby dies."

So in these days mothers, even of illegitimate children, are encouraged and helped to keep their own babies.

To turn to that interesting but harrowing subject, illegitimacy. It is not only slum girls and delinquents that have illegitimate babies. Sometimes healthy and well bred girls become unmarried mothers. In this country the illegitimate birth rate is apparently much lower

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than it is in Europe. But I am told that is only because our registration of births is not so accurate.

But the societies which give away babies for adoption aren't concerned about the morals of the mothers at all. They don't dwell on the "sin." They have nothing but sympathy for the tragedy of illegitimacy. They know that for an unmarried girl to have a baby is a misfortune that will wring her heart every day of her life.

The legal process of adoption in New York takes place at the Surrogate's Court. The mother signs away the rights to her baby and the foster parents "assure and engage to fulfill all responsibilities and duties of parents in respect to such child." Usually the real mother and the foster parents do not see each other.

The State Charities Aid Association of New York is probably the largest adoption center in the country. I first heard of it from a very rich and intelligent and warm-hearted lady from the Middle West who had come East to adopt a baby.

This woman thought it amusing that she, as a prospective parent, had been subjected to a much more searching examination than the poor little foundling she wanted to adopt. She filled out questionnaires about her parents, her immediate family, her husband, his parents; their health, income, personal habits, disposition, honesty and intelligence. She gave references. And her word alone was not taken.

THE association verified her statements from other sources; from her neighbors, fellow citizens, from gossip. Then, before she received a baby, an emissary from the State Charities Aid Society visited her home, saw the members of her family, cast quick appraising glances around the lady's handsome drawing-room to see if it was pleasant and cheerful, not florid or decadent, and observed this woman's attitude toward her servants.

Miss Sophie van S. Theis is at the head of the Child Placing Department of the State Charities Aid Society Association of New York City.

"If you found," I asked her, "in investigating one of the richest and best and most eminent families in the country, that the head of it got drunk once in a while, would you give them a baby?"

"No."

"Would you give a very religious family a baby?"

"Not if I thought they were 'hipped' on religion. We won't give a baby to people who are 'hipped' on anything—on drink, sex, diet, morality, or religion."

"Would a Catholic family ever happen to get a Jewish baby?"

"No, because there is a law that provides that a Catholic child shall go to Catholics, a Protestant to Protestants, and a Hebrew to Hebrews. 'As far as practicable,' says the law. But even if there were not such a law this would be the sensible and expedient thing to do," said Miss Theis.

"What about foundlings?" I asked. "Babies whose parents are unknown?"

"Well, in New York City, for example, we alternate; one is christened a Catholic, the next a Protestant, next a Catholic, and so on."

"Don't Jews get a look in?"

"No."

The reason for that is, I learned, that this is a Christian country.

NOW, here is a very important thing about the State Charities Aid Association's adoption methods.

"We won't give a child as a cure; a cure for drunkenness, melancholia, or divorce, or boredom, or for anything. And I've got it in for ministers and neurologists. Because I can't tell you how many impossible people — freaks — they send us. Women who drink, with the idea that a baby will cure them; husbands and wives about to get a divorce with the idea that a baby will keep them together," said Miss Theis. "They don't think of the effect upon the poor little baby. But we do. And that's why we refuse at least a third of our applicants.

"Don't think," Miss Theis went on, "that people have to be rich to get a baby from us. Rich women often need more investigating than farmers' or mechanics' wives, nice, capable women who have no servants but 'do for themselves,' as they say. I don't care how little money people have just so they are able to take care of themselves and a child and just so they are kind and tolerant and wise."

"What sort of babies do people want mostly?"

"Pretty girls, under two."

"Why should that be?"

"Well, there seems to be an idea that girls are more friendly and companionable than boys. Women, in their imaginations, like to think of gay, pretty daughters in chic clothes—daughters marrying dukes. And a man usually has the idea that a girl will pay more attention to him than would a boy (and this is usually true), and will be more affectionate and responsive.

"But now I must admit to something," said Miss Theis. "Although as I told you there is a greater demand for babies than we can fill, there is one kind of child that is a drug on the market—little boys between five and ten.

"This is strange. Most people will take any baby readily, but when I show them little boys, rambunctious and yelling and ga-

lumphing around, they decide they are willing to adopt nothing less than a genius."

Even the most sensible people, Miss Theis went on, select a child only for its beauty. Pulchritude is what they are really interested in and what attracts them. And it is here that the wisdom of Miss Theis comes in.

"If a college professor and his wife come to me," she said, "I don't let them have a child whose intelligence is only medium, no matter how curly haired and blue eyed. I persuade them to choose one who, I believe from my knowledge of its parents and from certain intelligence tests that we have, will do well in college. A less intellectual child I will try and place with people who will be proud if it turns out to be a handsome policeman or a pretty telephone girl, as the case may be. I am sure nothing can be more cruel than to give a child to a family that will be disappointed in it."

"What are the intelligence tests?"

"Well, these, as yet, are in the experimental stage. There are a few that we use, sensory reaction tests. But, for the most part, in a very young baby I have to predict its future from what I know of its parents and their intelligence, energy, and health."

"I don't give an Italian baby to a Boston couple, or a somber Norwegian child to some volatile and lively French people. As a rule, it is best to give a baby to people of its own nationality."

And here is another evidence of Miss Theis' penetration.

"Some people, I can see at once, will love a child too much, too passionately. These I try to persuade with all my might to take at least two," she says.

THE State Charities Aid Association gives aid to over two thousand mothers a year. Sometimes they can persuade an unmarried girl's parents to forgive her, to take her in with the baby. Usually they help her by finding work for her as a servant in the house of warm hearted people who will be interested in her and the baby. Or, if the girl has to work in an office or a factory, they find a home for her with people who will be glad to board her and take care of the baby while she is away.

Now, the readers of this article who are happily married, who can afford three servants, and who have one exquisite and perfect baby know what a hard and anxious thing it is to be a parent even under these circumstances. They will appreciate the valiant efforts of an unmarried girl who tries to keep her baby. Plenty of them die in the attempt.

When a woman gives a baby away for adoption there are terrible psychological consequences, provided, of course, that she has fine sensibilities.

"Can a mother ever get her child back?"

"No. And she can never see the baby again if we have placed the child. We won't tell her where it is. This may appear pretty hard, but we have to do that."

"What if she had millions and could hire squads of detectives?" I asked.

"Oh, if she moved Heaven and earth, she might find the child. But, even so, she might not. And when she found it, if her child had been legally adopted, she couldn't get it back. Because, you see, foster parents have to be protected."

Then I went to see Dr. Mary Halton, a well known obstetrician and gynecologist in New York City. Opening a drawer in her desk, she showed me that it was full of wedding rings.

"See!" she said. "One of the best things I do is to fake up husbands for unmarried girls. If I think a girl's family is going to be mean about her baby I do my best to help her. I arrange it so that she can disappear, have her baby, and come back. Oh, we work up a good story!"

"Do you mean to say," I asked in astonishment, "that you can really pull that off? Fake up a husband? Why, that must be harder than marrying one!"

"Look here! How many of your friends do you know who are really married? Whose marriage license have you ever read?" she asked. "It's a cinch!"

But what I had to ask her about was why married women did not have babies of their own. The answer is that many of them cannot. In the United States, for various causes, from one in seven to one in eleven marriages are childless.

"Besides," said Dr. Halton, "it is quite a trick to have a baby. There are few normal (so-called) childbirths. And there are all sorts of mishaps. Often women lose their first babies. Sometimes this is such a mental shock and such a disappointment they cannot bear to have another. Many women have an abnormal fear of childbirth. Yet they love children, so they adopt some. At best, to have a baby is a dangerous process."

But here is the most important reason why children are adopted so readily in these days. It is true that you cannot make a great man out of a child who has not greatness in his original protoplasm, who does not inherit extraordinary energy and ability from his parents or grandparents. However, in these days you can do two things with almost any child, if you get him young enough. First, you can make him, if not actually good looking, at least comely, and, secondly, you can make him nice. Comely, because so much is known about health and food.

IF a baby is fed raw milk, vegetables, orange juice, and other things he will not have the rickets. The rickets are the cause of flat feet, bowlegs, knock-knees, a badly shaped head, and protruding teeth. Conversely, a perfectly nourished child (and this does not mean a child who eats a great deal of spaghetti, potatoes, and cake) will have perfect bone development, with straight legs, a shapely skull, a jaw that is wide enough for the second teeth. This will mean a good mouth and chin. If he plays in the sunshine he will have beautiful skin and bright color.

Now, how to make a child nice! Intelligent foster parents who know something about psychology know enough not to insist upon a continual display of gratitude from their child. They know enough not to be sentimental or mushy over him. They know enough not to be pig-headed disciplinarians and try to break his will. (This is one of the worst things you can do.)

On the other hand, they know how to be friendly, affectionate, sympathetic, encouraging, full of fun. If they are all these, the child will surely love and admire them. And if he loves and admires them, he will surely reflect all their virtues in himself.

As for what a little adopted child does for his parents, this is incalculable.

"When people to whom I have given a baby come to see me again," said Miss Theis, "they look ten years younger—transfigured! And I can't tell you how many times I have heard the phrase 'something to live for.'"

One thing more. Although it is usually the woman of a family who wants to adopt the baby at first, her husband merely concurring to please her, the husband in time reacts with even more feeling and tenderness.

"Why, some such husbands turn out to be regular Madonnas," said Miss Theis.

THE END

BRIGHT SAYINGS *of* CHILDREN

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago

She Was in a Quandary

Mary had been invited out to dinner, and before she left her mother had impressed upon her that she should be a little lady, and accept what was offered her at the table. Among other things there was served baked beans, which was a dish that Mary did not like, and always refused, but of which she accepted a large helping. A little later her hostess noticed that Mary had not eaten any of the beans, and questioned:

"What's the matter, Mary, why don't you eat your beans?"

Mary blushed and hesitated, torn between her dislike of baked beans and her desire to be a little lady, and finally replied earnestly:

"Oh, they're so good I can't eat them."—L. K., Wilmington, Calif.

Too Smart for Baby Words

Nine-year-old Jane, recently promoted to high third, and seven-year-old Betty of low second grade, were studying their homework in my dining room.

"Jane," Betty suddenly asked, "how do you spell 'realize'?"

For a moment Jane was nonplused, then with a very grand manner, indeed, she replied: "Oh, since I'm in high third I can't bother to remember such baby words."—Mrs. J. M. M., Chicago.

Well, She's Right at That!

My little daughter was looking forward with much enthusiasm to the arrival of her fifth birthday. I awakened her, saying:

"Well, you are five years old today."

She sprang out of bed, ran to a long mirror, looked at herself and, with a disgusted expression, exclaimed:

"I don't believe I am five 'cause I look just like I did yesterday."—Mrs. T. B. N., Greenwood, S. C.

A Thief by Any Other Name

The neighbors had not seen Jennie for several days. When at last she did appear on the sidewalk in front of her house, one woman asked, "Why, Jennie, where have you been?"

"I was kept in the house to punish me," answered the small culprit, "'cause I misplaced what didn't belong to me."—E. M. Y., Denver, Colo.

* * *

Did He, "Weally"?

Mildred, after returning from church, where a friend of the family had kissed her on the forehead, said, "Mamma, Mr. Fuller kissed me, but he doesn't know where my mouth is. He thinks it's up here" (indicating her forehead).—H. W. D., Fort Wayne, Ind.

$500 for Last Lines to Limericks—See Page 53

Woodrow Wilson

A Character Study and Appraisal of the Most Disputed Figure of His Time, a Man of Peace on Whom Fate Threw the Mantle of a War President

By
WILLIAM
ALLEN
WHITE

President Wilson and Vice President Marshall at the head of the great Victory Parade held at Washington, D. C., in honor of the return of the President and the soldier heroes.

© Western Newspaper Union.

THIS is the second of two absorbing articles by the noted Kansas publicist and editor. In them it is his aim to destroy the conception of Wilson as a marble statue, a pedantic and emotionless figure, and replace that conception with a flesh-and-blood man, whose motives all of us can understand. Part I. dealt with Woodrow Wilson's early life, his battles as president of Princeton, and his career as Governor of New Jersey. This installment shows him in his second phase: an international figure, at desperate grips with world problems, the center of a maelstrom of passions.

PART II.

A BEAUTIFUL woman was Mary Peck, with a nimble mind; nimble but dainty, full of rare fantasies. Wilson's letters to her are set upon a monotone, without being exactly monotonous. Always, through the letters, one finds urges upon urges for her to write.

She was exotic, European, although naturally of midwestern birth and blood, but something quite outside the Calvin cycle. And how fearfully the Scotchman in Wilson must have backed off, scandalized and scared: but how eagerly the Irishman in him must have run to meet the blessed apparition.

But the Peck letters furnished salacious gossip for two campaigns and did a cruel injustice to a good woman and a blameless man.

Dean Andrew J. West of Princeton, who was Wilson's most scornful enemy, testifies to his certainty that there is no dust of the primrose path upon Wilson's feet. And when the Peck campaign slanders were brought to Roosevelt's attention by a political manager, he indignantly demanded that, so far as his friends and partisans were concerned, the whispering stop.

Roosevelt proclaimed his fundamental belief in the integrity of his adversary; and then, bursting into premonitory wrinkles until his face looked like a ruddy baked apple, the Colonel squeaked:

"What's more, it won't work. You can't cast a man as Romeo who looks and acts so much like the apothecary's clerk."

The two stalwart liberals of the campaign of 1912 might well have been hunting together, beating a different side of the bush, each going in the same direction, each after the same big game; even though each glared at the other and made public "snoots" at each other, which did not altogether improve the grace or pulchritude of either countenance.

THE changes that came into America and, indeed, the world, between March, 1913, and March, 1917, were epochal. In these four years the old world of the Nineteenth Century dropped away and disclosed the new world, stark and strange.

But here we must consider the changes that came into the life of Woodrow Wilson.

Upon his inauguration as President he stood before the throng in the plaza of the Capitol, composed, even placid. A generation as a schoolmaster had obliterated stage fright in him. He took the oath and delivered his inaugural with no self-conscious attitude, as a gentleman performing a conventional function. Mrs. Wilson was tremendously proud of him; that was obvious. And the Wilson girls, standing near by, were big eyed with joy and wonder.

Three words remain embedded in our thinking out of his inaugural address: "Forward looking men." The rest was not important; a liberal message, but not a keynote. He failed to make the welkin ring; he never rang it; perhaps never could ring it; never could produce startling, dramatic effects. He undramatized many things — nearly everything he touched.

Just as Roosevelt, in apposition, could dramatize himself as a hero buying a newspaper or eating a casual peanut by the way, so Wilson, falling from a balloon, would manage, somehow, to distract common interest from his fall, and then light undramatically. He felt intensely enough always; but muffled his impressions in their expression.

Upon Ellen Axson, his wife, the impact of

duties and obligations at the White House fell heavily. Her serious soul was racked by a thousand cares, a thousand dreads, a thousand duties—processioning through her life.

As the months came and went, the social obligations of the place, necessary enough, crushed her, sapping her strength. She was a sweet and beautiful White House hostess; did her lovely best.

The threat of the Mexican War bore terribly down upon her. Her soul had no Irish resilience, and the image of her husband bringing on a war which would send thousands of her countrymen to death beat upon her like a great spiritual flail and winnowed all the joy out of her heart.

Under the strain of it all, Ellen Axson died, just before the world realized the horror of the Great War.

"I want you to be the first to know from me," the President declared to Mrs. Hulbert, a few hours after Ellen Axson's death, "of Ellen's passing."

This Mrs. Hulbert was none other than Mary Peck, who, after a divorce, had taken her first husband's name.

Mr. Wilson wrote a beautiful letter to this old friend, out of a heart deeply wounded. A few months later Mrs. Hulbert, passing through Washington, called at the White House to see him. She had visited in the White House during Mrs. Wilson's lifetime.

IN the four years that passed after March 3, 1913, the house of Wilson had been completely changed. The wife of his youth was gone, and the children of the home he had been building for nearly thirty years were married or out in the world upon their own resources. Mrs. Edith Bolling Wilson had come into his life. She made a bright home for him, and comfortable—the only home in which he could have found strength to endure the stress of the days that were bringing their crushing burden upon him.

Even in tranquil times there is an impact of responsibility, a weight of conflicting opinion, upon the White House, which is sure to put askew the vision of the clearest-sighted man in the world. No one escapes it. American Presidents cannot see with the American people. They can only guess, cipher, and hope when they deal with public opinion as a guide for presidential conduct.

When the Great War burst into a peaceful world and the Germans snapped their fingers at our American philosophy of sweetness and light, public opinion boiled and swirled and roared like a maelstrom. In the storm that beat upon the White House, a cyclone that twisted both ways, from the Allies and from the Germans, out of a land saturated with propaganda, President Wilson held his course.

In May, 1915, the Lusitania was sunk without warning and one hundred and twenty-four American lives were lost. A few days after the sinking of the Lusitania the President called a conference one afternoon of Democratic House and Senate leaders and at that time seriously discussed a declaration of war.

The next morning, early, at what was known as "the sunrise conference," before the official employés of the White House were about, the President summoned Congressmen Claude Kitchin and Henry D. Flood, Speaker Champ Clark of the House, and Senator Stone of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate. He read them a memorandum he had prepared which would virtually put America into war. The memorandum represented his indignation rather than his judgment.

The leaders were thinking in terms of a Democratic Congress, to be elected in 1916. They felt that the country was not ready for war, however justified it might have been. They vetoed the President's memorandum. It never appeared.

One by one they died without revealing to the public how near we were to war just after the Lusitania went down. Only a note from Claude Kitchin to Gilson Gardner verifies the story which the reporter told to Victor Murdock.

TO appreciate Wilson best, one must get down to earth. We are not dealing with a marble statue, but with a flesh-and-blood man. In those days, when his high purpose reflected a noble faith, when he was starting out on that long, up-reaching journey which led him, because of his unflinching faith, to what may become a place among the immortals, he was never more than a man.

He snubbed politicians whom he did not understand; was not above cutting his old associate, President Hibben, on the station platform at Princeton; avoided telling McCoombs the truth about his incapacity for public service, using Tumulty as a buffer; and, having picked his old friend and ally, George Record, for a place upon the Federal Trade Commission, and having given out his name, withdrew it brutally because it offended a conservative Democrat. No Sunday school character is this Woodrow Wilson.

As the third year of the war began, Wilson became a magnified figure in the world; somewhat because we were the largest civilized group outside the conflict, but chiefly, probably, because Wilson took world leadership through his notes to Germany and by his patient pacifist philosophy—the only hopeful philosophy for sick humanity amid the carnage.

The everlasting series of notes which he wrote and wrote and wrote, when impatient critics were demanding deeds and not words, were, after all, more than guns and ships and the provender of war, the real munitions that broke the German front. He was hypnotizing the world!

AFTER we entered the war, President Wilson gave his whole physical strength to conducting it.

From day to day, from week to week, this great Celt, agile, unshaken, resourceful, even felicitous, with a Titanic joy in his job, sat in the White House at the head of an army, accoutered with pen and ink and paper, books, libraries, laboratories, typewriters, telephones, clicking telegraph machines, world-reaching radios, under Col. Edward M. House as a sort of sub rosa generalissimo. President Wilson conscripted a thousand brains, those brains which he and Colonel House considered the best brains.

At the zenith of Wilson's power the Devil grinned. The President wrote a letter asking America for a partisan Democratic Congress. He was treading the upper spiritual laws of idealism when he wrote it, probably self-hypnotized by his own bright vision. Certainly he was tired and absent-minded. His national Democratic committeemen asked for the letter. His imagination was dull in the lower levels of partisan policies. He slipped. America turned upon its hero, who had shown a human weakness. Congress was returned against him.

The armistice followed, the next week. Wilson's shafts had crumbled the line behind the line, and the Kaiser fled. It was the greatest victory that had ever come out of any war; not the victory of a conqueror by arms and bleeding men, but the victory of one who had overcome his foe by persuading him that he was wrong.

The President went to Europe on his first peace mission in December, 1918, on the George Washington.

An odd galleon was that which landed at Brest in early December, 1918, when the George Washington anchored. Down the gangplank walked this Yankee knight-errant, followed by a desperate crew of college professors in horn-rimmed glasses, carrying text books, encyclopedias, maps, charts, graphs, statistics, and all sorts of literary crowbars with which to pry up the boundaries of Europe and move them around in the interests of justice as seen through the Fourteen Points.

Of course, these invaders were trying to implant an ideal. At bottom, the ideal was an

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Senator William J. Stone
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Speaker Champ Clark
Underwood & Underwood Photo

Woodrow Wilson, as he appeared at the momentous "sunrise" conference with Congressmen Kitchin and Flood, Senator Stone and Speaker Champ Clark, when America hovered on the brink of war over the Lusitania sinking.
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Henry D. Flood
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Claude Kitchin

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

attempt to institutionalize the Golden Rule—a big job. Precious little khaki and brass buttons was seen on the horde of invaders that poured down the gangplank, and no sabers rattled to terrify Europe.

When Wilson presented his ideal to Europe, with its age-long habit of doubt—doubt grounded in cynicism—it was as though a grown man should suddenly turn up in a solemn conclave telling fairy tales. Responsible rulers in Europe could hardly keep their faces straight. M. Clemenceau chortled in his glee. "God," said Clemenceau, "gave us His Ten Commandments, and we broke them. Wilson gave us his Fourteen Points—we shall see." And again: "My friend President Wilson is a man of *noble candeur.*" *Noble candeur* is a French idiom which means stupid simplicity!

THE day when Wilson read the Covenant of the League of Nations to the open conference was the greatest show day of his life. Because it marks an apex in his career, it may be well to pause here and look at him and the stage upon which he stood.

His day of glory was typically Wilsonian; that is to say, toned down, understated, gray, shadowless, misty with a certain luminosity characteristic of a February day in Paris.

Inside a gray government building across the Seine from the Place de la Concorde is a large room, perhaps sixty by forty feet in area—a high-walled room, stiff, formal, French.

A group of sober gentlemen, mostly bald or gray, wearing black three-buttoned cutaway coats, white vests, and pin-striped trousers, are seated in gilded chairs upon a bright red carpet—seated around a U-shaped table, two or three score of them, dominated by a keen-eyed, yellow-skinned, bald little old man in gloves, always in gloves—the peace delegates and Clemenceau.

Among the Americans at the right hand of Clemenceau sat Woodrow Wilson. Down the whole length of the green baize table, between the two prongs of the U, sat Mrs. Wilson in her wine-colored, purple cloth suit, with her purple hat and purple plume, the only woman in the room.

Without ceremony or introduction, the President of the United States of America rose to read the Covenant of the League of Nations. He smiled across the room at Mrs. Wilson, and then, with a short shrift of some prefatory formality, began reading a document in his hand.

He read slowly, in an even voice which carried throughout the room, and which the reporters outside, peering through opened double doors and standing on a string of tables in an adjacent chamber, could hear perfectly. He read without emotion or emphasis. Here and there he stopped reading to explain some ambiguous line of the text or to amplify some thought, but his spoken words were as lifeless as his reading.

Slowly, as he read, his hearers realized that they were getting some new declaration of independence as well as of international interdependence.

The import of the thing grew.

Two or three hundred newspaper men, standing on their chairs and on the table tiptoed to see the President's face as he read the words before him; words of tremendous import, it seemed, for we were hearing, for the first time, the Covenant of the League of Nations as the President read it to the Peace Conference.

He droned on with as little intonation as if he were reading a list of goods at a receiver's sale. The light outside in the gray mist faded. The lamps inside danced in crystal chandeliers. And he read on to the end, with no climactic tone or timbre in his voice.

When he had finished, not even a flutter of applause greeted him.

It was a typical Wilsonian performance; a great thing done insignificantly. All the notables crowded about him stiffly, shaking mannikin hands with him, apparently congratulating him. But Mrs. Wilson, who had exchanged smiles with him as he spoke, smiled proudly when he finished, and her smiles were the only human thing in the hour when this man, by sheer force of will, from unwilling governments wrested a radical covenant of democracy.

And so, when it was over, without tears or cheers and without applause, the President slipped through the crowd in the room, joined Mrs. Wilson in a corridor, and the two hurried in their carriage to the railway station and sped away for Brest.

It was the end of an epoch in Woodrow Wilson's life.

It was his last public appearance as the ruler of the world.

Ahead of him lay his trip to America and the disillusioned nation which he found there. Behind him lay all his glory.

WOODROW WILSON lost the peace because it could not have been won; not the peace he visioned. Humanity was not ready for it.

He came home in June, 1919, and tried to put a good face on a bad treaty. He fretted through the summer of 1919, losing ground. Senator after Senator deserted the covenant.

Discouraged with defections in his own party in the Senate, and stung by the gibes of the Republicans, the President decided to go to the American people, making what he

Ellen Axson Wilson, a few days after she became the First Lady of the Land.
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The President and Mrs. Edith Bolling Wilson in April, 1916, departing from the D. A. R. Continental Hall.
Underwood & Underwood Photo

William F. McCombs
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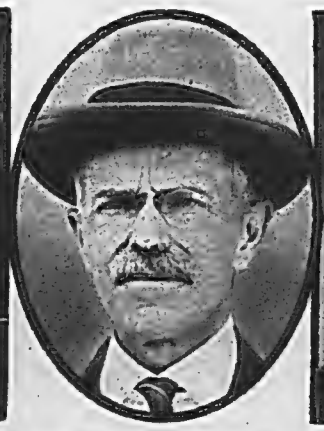

John Grier Hibben
P. & A. Photo

Robert Lansing
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Colonel House
Kadel & Herbert Photo

Joseph P. Tumulty
P. & A. Photo

President Wilson's last ride as President, on March 3, 1921. On the morning following this ride he turned his office over to Warren G. Harding.
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Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey addressing a huge open air meeting in Union Square, New York City, in his 1912 campaign for the Presidency.
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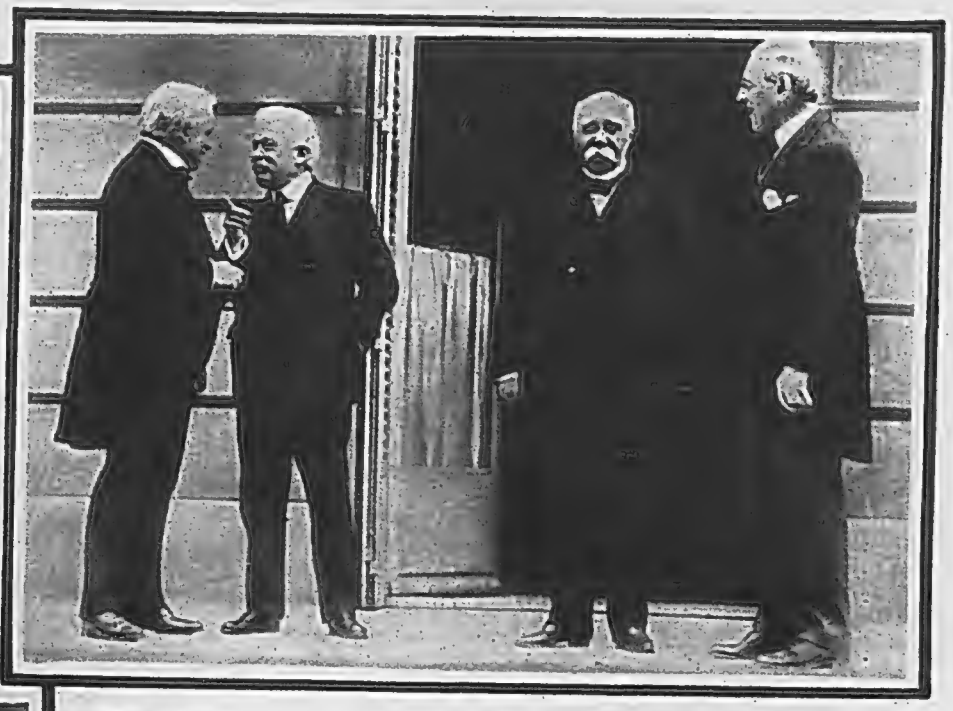

The Big Four of War and Peace. Left to right: David Lloyd George, Premier Orlando, Premier Clemenceau, and President Wilson.
U. S. Official Photo, Underwood & Underwood

called "the appeal to Cæsar." Physically he was failing. His doctors advised against the trip. He was restless and irritable, but burning with his passion to convince the people.

After a few days' journey out of Washington he became bitter. He magnified the evidence in the popular mind that he was taking a quarrel, not a cause, to the people. When he came to Denver he was sleeping for only a few hours, possibly a few minutes, every night. His digestion was working badly. Even then his doctor counseled him to turn back or to slow down and rest a few days. But his will was stronger than his flesh, and he went on.

In Los Angeles he found a note from Mary Hulbert (formerly Mary Peck). He and Mrs. Wilson went to see her.

SHE told him what she had written to him some time before; that the whispering campaign which had connected their names so cruelly in 1916 had resulted, during the war when spies were busy with nothing to do, in a thousand annoyances to her, invasion of her privacy by agents from the federal Department of Justice of his own administration; that yellow newspapers had haunted and hounded her, and that she was troubled and needed his help. Naturally, what she said shocked him, and he was in no condition to stand any shock. Also, he found her with her money gone, her son ill, and trouble beating upon her.

The butterfly of Bermuda, gay and beautiful, with the quick and lovely mind, the agile, spritelike soul, the gracious and charming heart, was all chilled, saddened, beset with fear—the butterfly in autumn. Her plight would have smitten a harder heart than his. So he left Los Angeles puzzled and worried, with no resilience in his spirit, and no reserve in his body to reinforce his tired nerves.

TURNING eastward, he found himself one night, at Pueblo, crying in his speech. His tears, which came almost in a flood, showed upon what a thin texture of resistance he was walking. The night after the Pueblo speech he could not sleep. In the evening, east of Pueblo, they stopped the train, and the President and Mrs. Wilson walked for a time upon a dusty, white country road. His temperature rose. As he slept under a narcotic, his mouth drooled. His body testified in many ways to an impending crash.

His next engagement was at Wichita, Kansas. Admiral Grayson, his doctor, and Mrs. Wilson ordered him to cancel it. The train stopped on a siding near Wichita, and then rode around the town, and the reporters learned the truth: that the President was unable to rise to the daily struggle with his engagements. The train turned eastward, and swiftly, with drawn blinds, hurried across the continent. In two days the train came into Washington.

Courageously Wilson stepped out of the car, courageously walked down the long platform into the station, and bravely took his carriage for the White House, greeting the people who gathered along the way in his old manner. But his face was haggard, his hands moved heavily, his eyes were overbright.

They put him to bed, where he rested badly. So he lay for days, and then, in October, came the thing which had been sending its warnings. A stroke, affecting his left side, fell upon him one morning. Gone was his glory, his power, his very strength.

It was then that Colonel House turned to him, after a period of coolness had parted the two. The correspondence between him and the President had slowed down during the spring and summer. "Affectionately yours" had become "Sincerely," at the close of the letters. As autumn opened, the colonel, who himself had lost his health and was regaining it, felt, with his increasing strength, a keen desire to help his friend.

He saw, from a perspective which the President could not gain, how easily the whole problem of the treaty and the covenant might be solved, the tangled affair unsnarled. He realized no serious reason why he should not hurry to his friend's side. So he wrote a letter to the President, in the old manner of affection and fellowship.

In that letter he made it plain that he desired to come to Washington to help; that he had certain fairly definite plans by which he hoped to get a favorable vote on the treaty and the covenant.

His plan provided for a message to the Senate declaring, in effect, that the President was under obligations to his fellow counselors in Paris to present the treaty as it was, without amendment; that he could accept no amendment; but calling attention to the fact that the Senate, of its own motion, could do what it would with the treaty and the covenant—accept it, reject it, or amend it—and that the Senate's conclusions would be returned to the constituted European authorities for their action.

He waited five days, then ten. No answer came. He wrote another letter, not quite so glowing with affection, but happy, cheerful, and hopeful, again offering to come. Again a week passed, two weeks, a month, and no answer came. The letters never were acknowledged. And neither by message nor by any indirection of word or deed did he ever hear from his friend again. House had reached the scrap heap!

ONCE two Senators—Senator Fall and Senator Hitchcock—called upon an official mission. The mission was to inquire into the sanity of the President.

When this situation was presented to Wilson, for a moment he was furious, and then

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the humor of it got him, and he asked Admiral Grayson to bring them in.

For half an hour they saw, upon the bed, with his face twisted and his left side limp, a sick man and weak. But they had from Wilson thirty minutes of the gayest, blithest, sanest talk they had heard in months. He must have made a mighty effort to rise as he did. He gibed Fall about trying to get a war with Mexico to protect his local interests. He played gayly with Hitchcock in talk about the reservations, and generally embroidered the occasion with persiflage and repartee. No doubt was left in the senatorial minds when these men returned to their colleagues.

Nevertheless, after the stroke which fell in October the world practically was shut off from Woodrow Wilson. He knew nothing of the truth about public sentiment in the country.

His devoted wife, who was surrounding him with every physical comfort and every spiritual easement, was almost as isolated as he. Admiral Grayson had no access to the truth about public opinion. Tumulty saw his chief rarely, with Mrs. Wilson standing at the head of the bed to shake her head when he broached a subject that might possibly irritate the President.

In the autumn Wilson's general health was better. His left side never recovered; he could not stand erect upon his withered leg. Sometimes he went out for a drive, and the people saw a prematurely old, gray man, with a lean, almost wizened face, a bright-eyed old man, smiling automatically, trying to hide the left side of his face.

The truth about public sentiment in this country came with crushing force in the election returns of 1920. The defeat of Cox, the Democratic presidential candidate, fell upon him as a thunderbolt, but it did not break his courage, it did not weaken his faith.

"You can't fight God!" he cried to his visitors.

MARCH the fourth, 1921, they helped him painfully down the steps of the White House into the carriage with Senator Harding, the President-elect. The two chatted gayly as they rode through the throng to the inauguration. The Senator told the President a funny story about elephants, and he told the Senator another story or two that he had heard or read in a book, and they came to the Capitol, where he went through his last ordeal.

He faced a crowd that ignored him. He heard the cheers for his successor, who was to abandon the Wilson attitude and policies. The new President took the oath. At the end of the ceremony, through the perfunctory applause of a cold crowd, the ex-President, grim in his dignity, rode home with Mrs. Wilson.

And so ended the path of glory which Tommy Wilson saw far ahead; which Woodrow, his legatee and successor, trod so proudly, so valiantly, carrying a high vision in his noble soul.

The Wilsons went from the White House to their new home in S Street—a rather good house on a rather good street in northwest Washington. There, for nearly three years, Woodrow Wilson and Edith Bolling, his wife, lived as private citizens.

In those lonely, questioning hours in the house on S Street, when, in spite of an occasional flare-up of ambition in which he thought, perhaps, he might return to politics, or might go back to be a college president; and then, in the depths of his heart knew better, there must have been hours when he called a vain roll and heard the responding voices of dear friends call "absent." Dr. Hibben of Princeton was one of those who answered "absent." Colonel House, whom he had addressed many times in letters as "My dearest friend," answered "absent." Mary Hulbert Peck, who had given him such joy with her nimble wit and beautiful, elusive spirit, answered "absent."

Did Woodrow Wilson ask himself why, and did he realize how often he had said of a passing acquaintance, some possible candidate for his consideration, "I picked his brains"? Maybe, likewise, he picked men's hearts. Maybe he got at the best of them, learned their tricks and their manners, saw their secret ways which delighted him for a time and then bored him.

Perhaps it was not his temper after all, not his stern Scotch standards of conduct that alienated his friends. Perhaps, deeply inside of him, when he knew that a friend no longer eluded him and so no longer delighted him, his impatience, an outer sentinel of his heart, closed the door.

THERE came a time, before he left the White House, when he was brusque with Tumulty and seemed to take no joy of him. After he left the White House, Tumulty sometimes called at S Street, for he was a faithful soul—one of your loyal Irish who may blunder but never betray.

After a visit on S Street one day, Tumulty went to a public dinner and delivered some irrelevant and innocuous message which might possibly have committed the ex-President to the presidential candidacy of Cox, who had been defeated in 1920 so ingloriously. Whereupon, in due course, yet not before Tumulty had pleaded and tried to stay the blow, Wilson gave such a bitter, cruel lashing, by public letter, to Tumulty that all Wilson's friends were ashamed beyond words. Then Tumulty was upon the "absent" roll!

One day in March, 1924, the writer of these lines sat in Tumulty's office and asked him about his relations with Wilson. A little of what he said in reply may well be set down here, just as it came, in the vernacular of his heart. It concerns the last sad days:

> Well, I had been interested in an old man out in Nebraska who had to go to jail for a federal offense. He had a crippled daughter—and they were the sweetest family I ever saw, and a son that just idolized him. And I thought it would be just like papa going to jail, and so I said to the old man:
>
> "All right, I'll help you; only you must not have a lawyer."
>
> And I tried to get the pardon, but could not, and I found one day after I'd failed they gave a friend of mine a fee of ten thousand dollars, and I made him give it back—every cent of it, and show me the receipt before I would make one more try. Well, that last day—March 4th, about an hour before the Harding inauguration—I came into the office. Wilson was sitting alone, and he says:
>
> "Well, Joe——"
>
> And I said, "Well, Governor!"
>
> And he says, "Well, Joe, you've served me faithfully through it all."
>
> And I said, "Well, Governor, I'm glad to hear you say so."
>
> Then I said: "Just one act more, Governor; let the curtain go down on an act of mercy—the last act an act of mercy. And I know, some way, when you need mercy, the last act will be remembered for you!"
>
> And I had the recommendation for the old man's pardon all made out and handed it to him. He looked at it and shook his head.
>
> "No, Tumulty, no!" he says. "No, that's too much like the Morse case. That case has been reviewed."
>
> "But," I said, "it's an act of mercy, and your last act, Governor, and there is something in the balance of things."
>
> And I told him about that old man waiting outside for me—just like papa—with his son and crippled daughter, an old man seventy years old, and his eyes filled up and he says:
>
> "No, Joe, the country needs to see the law vindicated. The country needs the spectacle of a stable, just, and righteous government more than that old man needs a pardon or I need an act of mercy."
>
> So he took the paper and wrote "Disapproved" across it in the strongest hand he had written in months.
>
> When his first wife got sick—she loved me, that woman did. And I was in to see her a great deal. And she used to call me one of her own boys. When she died I lost one of the best friends I ever had.
>
> Well, then he married Mrs. Galt. Now, remember that his first wife was my dearest friend, and she said she loved me like one of her own boys, and I felt pretty bad, and I talked a good deal to Grayson about how I felt. And one day, about a week after the wedding, I picked up the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* with a story of how Cary Grayson had made the match.
>
> After that, some things began to happen. When we'd all go away on official trips, my name would not be on the list. It happened a lot of times.
>
> The correspondence between Wilson and me, in which I begged for a hearing, did no good. Nothing could get to him. Well, when I heard he was sick, the last time, I went to the house and stood on the sidewalk and finally slipped in the door. I went to Grayson and said:
>
> "It seems to me that ten years' faithful service has earned me the right to go in and look once into his eyes, or maybe just pat his forehead, before he goes."
>
> And Grayson says: "Yes, Joe, you're right, and he will be glad to see you; but he's asleep now."
>
> And he promised and promised, over and over, to call me if there was any real danger, before the end. But the end came too quickly, and poor Joe was on the sidewalk with the rest.

WOODROW WILSON died Sunday, February 3, 1924, in a bed that is a replica of the Lincoln bed in the White House. The end came in his sleep. Only his brother, Joseph, and his daughter, Margaret, at his bedside, connected him with the old life which he led before he left Princeton. The other watchers were out of the new life that he had found when he quit the schoolroom.

This much we may know of him surely: If Fame comes to him through the conjunction of time and chance working upon the genius of the race to preserve the structure which he previsioned in his hours of trial, Fame will find a man here—a clean, brave, wise, courageous man—ready made for heroic stature. Little will crumble from him in that day. He will remain as we who worked with him know him. And the man we saw in our pride of him need suffer little change as his poor finite clay turns to memorial bronze

ANYTHING *but the* TRUTH

Fourth Installment of a New Serial of Love, Astounding Crime, and Mystery

By CAROLYN WELLS

AS the Coils Tighten Around the Unhappy Lorraine, a Second Mysterious Murder Electrifies the Community, and Again Austin Eldridge's Home Is Visited by the Agents of the Law, in Search of Clews

Pictures by ROBERT G. JONES

"I just wanted to say good night, dear. Everything is all right."

The Cast and What's Happened So Far in the Story:

AUSTIN ELDRIDGE, superfinancier and man of secrets, is found murdered, in broad daylight, on the porch of his summer home in Shoredale. A carving knife had been driven deep into his breast, and left there. It seems impossible that anyone could have approached his chair without being seen.

LORRAINE ELDRIDGE, his lovely adopted daughter, stated that she was lying in a hammock, near him, when he was stabbed. Roused by the luncheon gong, she had found him dead. She testified that, a few minutes before her terrible discovery, she and

GRANT MAXWELL had been begging Eldridge to consent to their engagement. But he had cut their pleading short, declaring that Maxwell's snobbish mother did not think his adopted daughter good enough for her son. Lorraine, believing she could persuade her father to relent if left alone with him, had sent Maxwell away. So at the moment Eldridge was stabbed she was the only person near him.

SARAH and LOUIS MERSEREAU, Austin Eldridge's sister and brother-in-law, who were guests in his home, had strolled to the porch when the luncheon gong sounded—and had found Eldridge a corpse.

LENNOX, the trusted butler, declared positively that the carving knife left in his master's breast was not part of the household equipment.

ESSIE, a maid, talkative and "nosy," testifies that the knife was of the same type as those used in the kitchen.

MILLIKEN, the grim and efficient housekeeper, bids her be quiet and rebukes her for her mischief-causing "blabbing."

PETER THORNE, a detective staying at an inn near the Eldridge home, is deeply interested in the crime. But etiquette forbids his offering his services until asked by one of the family.

EDWARD MILES and MRS. WILLIAM H. MILES are also at the inn. Edward, a boy of seventeen, is eager to have Thorne take a hand in the solution of the mystery.

MRS. MAXWELL, Grant's aristocratic mother, is rigidly opposed to his marrying Lorraine, since Eldridge had never divulged the circumstances of her adoption.

CROSBY, a prominent lawyer long associated with Eldridge, has so far been unable to discover any adoption papers or any will left by the financier.

STILES and BENNETT, police detective and coroner, having eliminated all other members of the household as suspects, proceed to question Lorraine. She admits that she had quarreled with her father, on the subject of her engagement, just before the murder. So all clews point to a terrible conclusion: the guilt of the lovely Lorraine.

CHAPTER VI.

A DIVIDED DUTY.

AFTER the funeral services of Austin Eldridge a great many people gathered in his library for a consultation.

The lawyer, Crosby, was in charge in a general way, and the two Mersereaus and Lorraine represented the dead man's family.

But there was little to do. Crosby stated that he fully believed Mr. Eldridge had died intestate, and that, if so, his estate would revert to his nearest of kin. If Lorraine were a legally adopted daughter she would be sole heir. If not, Mrs. Mersereau would inherit. It all depended, he said, on Lorraine's ability to prove her legal adoption, either by the find-

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ing of the papers or the discovery of the court where they were recorded. The latter, he stated, would be a difficult and tedious undertaking, since no one had the least idea where Eldridge had found Lorraine or who she really was.

There was a possibility, even a strong probability, that Mr. Eldridge had papers which they had not yet come across. Not necessarily hidden, but in some bank or safe deposit vault of which they were not yet cognizant. The investigation of this matter would, of course, take a little time, and in the meanwhile no decision could be arrived at regarding the inheritance.

"All right," said Detective Stiles, "that can wait. But the matter of apprehending the criminal must be pushed forward. And I'll take this occasion, when so many of Mr. Eldridge's friends are with us, to ask a few questions.

Young Edward Miles and his father were among those present, and though Mr. Miles felt a deep interest in the fate of his friend Eldridge, it was really at his son's insistence that he had come.

Young Miles was absorbedly interested. His eyes darted from one face to another and he tried to make deductions from what he heard—inferences that would, he fondly hoped, lead to the discovery of the murderer.

The boy was more or less imbued with the detective instinct, and he had repeatedly urged that his acquaintance at the inn, Peter Thorne, be called to look into the case. But the police were jealous of their prestige and desired no outside help, especially that of an amateur or special inquiry agent.

STILES knew of the friendship between Edward Miles' father and the murdered man, and he was minded to get any information he could.

"I'm hoping, Mr. Miles," he said to him, "that you can tell me something of any enemies Mr. Eldridge may have had."

"Few people in Shoredale could not tell you that," Miles returned, gravely. "With no intention of speaking ill of the dead, Mr. Eldridge had a perfect talent for making enemies. I should say he had them in all walks of life, from those who worked for him to those he worked for. Though he was a genial gentleman in his home and among his friends, any business enterprise in which he engaged seemed to breed strife and dissension almost from the start. Of course, I speak of large and important deals, not petty matters."

"You corroborate this, Mr. Crosby?" Stiles asked, turning to the lawyer.

"I do, though I had not intended to state it so plainly. But perhaps it is better to face the facts. And I feel sure Miss Eldridge will admit we are right. I am sure she will prefer that we meet the issue, and thereby, perhaps, make progress in the search for the criminal."

"Yes," said Lorraine, thoughtfully, "I do think there must be nothing kept back, nothing glossed over, if we are to find the enemy who killed my father."

There was nothing hysterical about her now. She was composed, serene, and, though sad, she showed indications of an indomitable will and determined energy.

Not far from her sat Grant Maxwell and his mother. To Lorraine the hostility of Mrs. Maxwell was evident. Though veiled beneath an expression of sympathy, she knew that Grant's mother was no more kindly disposed than she had ever been—which was not at all.

Stiles was firmly convinced that this girl was the murderer of her adopted father. He had reached this conclusion through what he was pleased to call elimination. To his mind there was no one else to suspect, therefore suspect Lorraine. And yet he had not sufficient evidence to arrest her. Indeed, he had no real evidence at all. But he was certain that she was the criminal.

A DIVERSION was created as Mrs. Miles came in, in search of her husband and son. She was accompanied by Mrs. Vanderholt, the exclusive and aristocratic lady from the inn, who so far had not been directly involved in the riddle of the Eldridge murder.

Miles rose, and Edward, unheeding his mother's admonition to be quiet, sidled over to Lorraine.

"Please, Miss Eldridge," he whispered, "won't you have the great detective who's staying over at the inn? He could find out all about this thing in a jiffy. Mayn't I tell him to come to see you about it? Mayn't I, Miss Lorry?"

Now Lorraine at this moment was terribly agitated. So much so that she turned off the boy with an impatient "I don't care what you do!"—and strove to regain her composure. What had so disturbed her was merely the advent of Mrs. Vanderholt. She stared at that grand lady as if she had never seen her before. Stiles observed this, and wondered. Crosby, similarly observant, wondered, too. And Milliken, passing the doorway, paused, looked at Lorraine, and then at the aristocratic visitor.

But Mrs. Vanderholt showed no signs of perturbation, or even interest. She drew her scarf around her patrician shoulders and held her head high as her eyes roved about the room, observing the details of furnishing. She seemed to approve—at least her face showed no adverse criticism—as she stood quietly waiting for the Mileses to be ready to leave.

When they had left, at last, taking Mrs. Vanderholt with them, Lorraine heaved a deep sigh of relief, though the strange, almost agonized expression remained on her lovely face.

Grant Maxwell dropped into a chair beside her.

"Dearest," he said, "I want a talk with you. Won't you meet me tonight, late, in the Rambler arbor? I hate to ask you this, but I must talk without fear of interruption."

"How late?"

"Say, eleven."

"That's not so very late—yes, I'll be in the arbor at eleven."

Maxwell went away with his mother and the others soon dispersed.

In the evening the Kennedys came over from next door, but though they were most kind and sympathetic they were of no real help to Lorraine. She was glad when they left.

She excused herself early, went to her room, and sat down to

There, on the floor, lay the dead body of Lennox, the but

tler. Lorraine did not scream—but she trembled all over.

wait for eleven oclock. The Mersereaus, too, retired early, and by ten the house was in utter darkness and stillness.

At eleven Lorraine donned a long, dark cape and, going out by the back hall door, betook herself to the pretty summer house known as the Rambler arbor. She left the door ajar, unlatched, that she might return, and with no thought of secrecy or stealth, walked across the lawns to the arbor.

She found Grant Maxwell awaiting her, and as she entered he silently clasped her in his arms.

"Dearest," he whispered, "do not try to talk for a moment—just rest here."

He drew her down to a seat, and, in his embrace, Lorraine rested almost happily. For an hour they talked as lovers will, leaping all barriers and planning for an unclouded future. At last, reluctantly, Lorraine returned to realities.

"But, dear," she asked, "what about the immediate present?"

"I want to talk about that, too," replied Grant. "Old Stiles has it in for you."

"I know it. But there's a detective staying down at the inn, and I've heard he's fine. What do you think of getting him to look into things? Stiles, you know yourself, is—well, not abnormally clever."

"He's a numbskull! Get the detective you speak of. If you haven't the money, I'll pay him. Of course, dearest, all I have is yours—whatever happens."

"I'd rather like to try that man——"

"Well, do. Get him tomorrow, and I'll do all I can to help. Now that we understand one another, now that I know you have faith in me, I can stand anything."

"So can I. And I'll ask that man to come to see me. Now, Grant, I must go in. It must be nearly midnight."

IT was later yet when the lovers at last turned their steps back toward the Eldridge house. A sure understanding prevailed and they started, hand in hand, to ascend the steps of the back veranda with a happier outlook for the future.

As they went up the steps, absorbed in their own affectionate murmurings, Lorraine thought she saw a glimmer of light in the house. Grant saw it, too, but he said nothing, not wishing to alarm her.

On they went, but as they reached the top step a cloaked and hooded figure suddenly darted from the house, rushed past them and down the steps.

Maxwell drew Lorraine back into the shadow of a vine clad pillar and held her tightly by the arm.

"Who was that?" he cried, but in a hoarse whisper, as if the words were forced from his lips.

"I don't know," she returned, untruthfully, for she had seen clearly and recognized instantly the features of Mrs. Maxwell. "Some one of the servants, no doubt," she added, hastily. "Everything is at loose ends in the house now."

"Good night, sweet," Grant said, holding her to him, but his voice trembled and he was quite evidently upset.

"Good night, Grant. Don't worry over anything—not over *anything*, for it will all come out right, sooner or later. I didn't kill father and you didn't. So let's wait and see who did. Good night, beloved."

Maxwell held her in his arms, kissed her good night; yet, as Lorraine sensed, he had changed, he was different.

She was sure then that he had seen and recognized his mother. But she could do nothing—say nothing—so she let him go, with a final farewell kiss.

After Grant had gone she lingered on the porch a moment before entering the house.

It was all so strange, and it was getting stranger. Why was Mrs. Maxwell there so late at night? She softly opened the door and stepped into the hall.

The house was dark—but with her intuitive, almost clairvoyant, sense, she turned toward the library. There was no reason she should do so, but, on an imperative impulse, she snapped on the library light.

There, on the floor, lay the dead body of Lennox, the butler.

CHAPTER VII.

ANOTHER TRAGEDY.

LORRAINE did not scream. She kept her presence of mind, but she trembled all over and clenched her hands in a very agony of terror.

Without a second glance at the awful sight, she went softly out of the room and stood in the hall, wondering what she should do. Her subconscious mind was alert and active, but her senses seemed numbed, and she grasped the newel of the staircase as she strove to command her thoughts.

One thing stood out in her mind: Mrs. Maxwell had killed Lennox! Why—in God's name, *why?* There must have been some strong, some desperate reason.

And what was Lennox doing in the library at all? The butler was a strange man; she had never quite understood him. But Austin Eldridge had found him an invaluable servant. Not only in his daily household duties, but as a confidential reporter—in fact, as a spy on anyone his master wished watched.

But the terror of a second murder, appalling though it was, lost importance beside the thought that Mrs. Maxwell was the probable criminal! Lorraine felt that, at any cost, she must throw people off the scent. She must try to make it appear that the crime had been committed after the departure of Grant's mother.

This meant that she must herself ignore the tragedy until it was discovered by someone else, and, also, that she must make Grant believe she knew nothing of it.

So she went back down the hall to a small booth in which a telephone was inclosed. She called up Grant Maxwell, and, getting him, said only, "I just wanted to say good night, dear. Everything is all right."

Then, as he murmured an affectionate response, she hung up the receiver and went up to her own room.

In its seclusion Lorraine threw off her cape and sank into a chair dazed.

What did it mean? What could it mean?

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Golden Glint SHAMPOO

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

Lennox dead and Mrs. Maxwell rushing from the house!

Her one unconscious, involuntary impulse was to spare Grant, and that was why she had telephoned that all was right. A half formulated hope that thus the death of the butler would seem to have occurred after Mrs. Maxwell's departure was at the back of her mind and she refused to look ahead.

If Mrs. Maxwell had come to the house secretly, as Lorraine now thought she had, it must have been on some errand connected with the private papers of Austin Eldridge.

THE great financier had been so closely associated in business matters with many of the citizens of Shoredale that it would not be at all surprising if he had papers belonging to Mrs. Maxwell, which, for reasons of her own, she wished to obtain unknown to the lawyers or police.

Yet it seemed impossible to think of Mrs. Maxwell as a murderess—though, if she had been surprised at her search by the servant, might she not have snatched up a paper cutter and stabbed the man in a sudden rage? For it was a paper cutter—a sharp, steel bladed one—that had killed the butler. Lorraine had seen that in her swift glance as she entered the room.

A sudden idea struck her; suppose Lennox was not dead! Suppose he was badly wounded and unconscious, but still alive! She trembled all over at the thought of going downstairs again, but as she tried to persuade herself it was none of her business she grew more and more certain that it was.

With a sigh she rose. Flinging off her dress, she put on a kimono, loosened her hair, and taking a small flashlight, went down to the library.

The body lay there, just as she had left it. Forcing herself to place her hand on the brow, she felt sure the man was really dead. She could not bring herself to feel his heart, but she could see no movement of breathing.

She looked about the room, casting her light on the desk and cabinets. There were many loose papers strewn about. It seemed strange that the effects of Austin Eldridge should be left thus, to the mercy of any passing observer, and, involuntarily, Lorraine gathered up some and put them neatly away.

She closed the desk and locked it, leaving the key in the lock, but feeling that, at least, she had shown a proper care of the papers and letters.

Extinguishing her flashlight, she returned softly upstairs, her slippered feet making no sound on the thick rugs.

Toward dawn she fell into a restless, troubled sleep, and was wakened from it by Milliken bending over her. Milliken was the cook, housekeeper, and captain bold of the Eldridge establishment.

"Wake up, Miss Lorry, dear," she said, "there's more terribleness afoot. That Lennox, now, he's gone and got hisself killed! Just when we needed him so much, too. Get up, Miss Lorry, do."

"Lennox! Who killed him?"

"Lord knows who killed him—but he's dead as a doornail. A lyin' right on the library floor—of all places! I s'pose some burglar curmudgeon was snoopin' among Mr. Eldridge's valuables and Len, he went to see about it."

"Is Aunt Sarah down there?"

"She's a dressin', and so's Mr. Mersereau. I told them about it, and then I went and told Essie and then Jane—me, for all the world like a Paul Revere, goin' about tellin' everybody! But now, Miss Lorry, what're we to do?"

"Telephone Doctor Rhodes and then call the police. At once, Milliken," Lorraine said, quietly.

Deeply thoughtful, she put on her black frock and went downstairs as Doctor Rhodes appeared at the front door.

"Another!" he said, gravely, and, with a somber face, Lorraine repeated:

"Another!"

Rhodes went to the library, made a brief but careful examination, and returned to Lorraine, who had remained in the hall.

"Stabbed with that wicked, long bladed paper cutter," he said. "Death instantaneous. Who did it?"

"Milliken surmises a burglar, come to steal some of father's valuables or money."

"It's too terrible!" Sarah Mersereau exclaimed as she came downstairs. "I never heard of such a house! First my brother and now this man! We may all be murdered in our beds any night!"

Louis Mersereau followed his wife down and they all went to the dining room, including Doctor Rhodes. In a few moments the police came.

STILES, of course, took the lead. As he bustled about the library he exclaimed, "No burglar, but somebody interested in these papers personally. Somebody who wanted certain papers and got 'em, most likely, and then put all these others neatly back in the desk and went away."

"Having already killed the butler?" asked Bennett, the county medical examiner.

"Having already killed the butler," Stiles agreed. "Lennox got killed because he was in the way, because he was doing his duty and looking after things. But the intruder—there may have been more than one—couldn't stand for his interference, and stabbed him with the first thing that came handy."

"H'm," said Bennett, "and who did the stabbing?"

"We can tell that when we see what papers are missing," Stiles replied, curtly. "But first I'll have to ask a few questions of the house people. They'll get tired of being questioned, I shouldn't wonder!"

So Stiles went to the dining room, and in an endeavor to make as little trouble as possible, began to ask all and sundry what they knew of the death of the butler.

ONE and all denied all knowledge of any disturbance in the night. The Mersereaus declared they had gone up to their rooms by or before ten o'clock. Lorraine said that she, too, had gone up as early as that. And all three denied having left their rooms between that time and morning. The servants, called in, gave similar stories.

"That Lennox," Milliken said, "he always locks up everything and shuts up the house for the night. He did last night—I heard him, after I'd gone to bed myself. He locked all the doors and windows and he went off to his own room. I heard him."

"At what time?" interrupted Stiles.

"'Long about half-past ten. Then, you see, later on, that Lennox, he must o' heard some sound—somebody gettin' in—and he went downstairs to see about it."

This was all distinctly plausible, for the body of the butler was garbed in nightclothes, with a pair of trousers drawn on and a pair of felt slippers on his bare feet. Clearly he had been doing his duty when he met his death.

"Now, all that remains is to find out who did it," said Stiles, oracularly.

Somehow his manner and tone jarred on Lorraine. She felt that he would make no greater success of this investigation than he had of her father's death. Moreover, her thoughts during her sleepless hours of the night had been inclined toward the detective of whom Edward Miles had spoken to her.

She was roused from these reflections by the realization that Essie, the maid, was saying something—or, rather, was being urged to say something.

They were all in the dining room, and Stiles was worrying Essie, much as a playful dog would worry a small kitten.

"Come, now—come, now," he said, "you hesitated when I asked you if you saw or heard anything unusual last night. Come, now, what did you see?"

"N—nothing," stammered Essie, with an expression of face that would not have deceived a baby.

"Yes, you did—your very hesitation gives you away. Now, what did you see? Answer me!"

Thus adjured, Essie, very much

scared, stammered out, "I saw Miss Lorraine go down into the garden about eleven o'clock."

Milliken flared up. "You and your curiosity! Essie, you saw nothing of the sort."

"I did, too! She went to the arbor, to meet Mr. Maxwell."

"And so I did," Lorraine broke in, speaking with dignity. "I had a perfect right to. I made no secret of it. I went out to the Rambler arbor to meet my fiancé and have a quiet talk with him. Was there anything wrong in that?"

"No, Miss Eldridge," Stiles said, "there wasn't. And when did you return?"

"About midnight," said Lorraine, carelessly.

"And when you returned you saw no signs of a disturbance?"

"None," she said, steadily.

"Then the murder must have been committed after you went up to your room," Stiles declared.

"So far as I can judge," Doctor Rhodes said, judicially, "the murder took place about midnight. It may have been shortly before or shortly after. Not long either way. So Miss Eldridge may easily have come into the house and gone up to her room just before the crime."

"Easily," agreed Stiles.

But the Mersereaus looked dubious.

"It would seem that Lorraine was around the house at about the time the murder was done," Sarah vouchsafed.

"Yes, I must have been," Lorraine acquiesced, with no trace of excitement.

"Essie, what else did you see?" Stiles asked, suddenly.

The girl fairly jumped.

"Nothing, sir," she said.

"Yes, you did. You are one of those transparent people who can't tell a lie successfully. So you needn't try. Now, then, what did you see?"

"I—I—nothing, sir."

"Stop that!" Stiles looked threatening. "Tell it out!"

"Well, then—I saw—I saw Miss Lorraine come downstairs again—after she had went up to bed."

"Did you do this?" Stiles turned to Lorraine.

It was the crucial point. Should she tell the truth or not? Would not her word hold against a foolish girl like Essie? She hesitated only a moment, then said, "No, after I went up to bed I stayed there till morning, when Milliken woke me."

"Sure I did, the blessed lamb!" Milliken exclaimed. "And her a-sleepin'. like a baby. Essie, you gabble too much. You don't know what you're talkin' about."

From Stiles' face Lorraine saw he was determined to carry this matter farther, but not at the present moment. He turned on his heel and left the room—doubtless to think over and decide upon his next line of attack.

Lorraine had not the slightest doubt he thought her guilty not only of her father's death but the death of Lennox as well. And with her usual quickness of decision she concluded to send at once for the great detective of whom the Miles lad had told her.

This plan she confided to no one, and, going to an extension telephone, she managed to get Mrs. Miles.

Everybody's Doing It. What?

TIP!
TIP!
TIP!

HARVEY DEUELL

When the dear public pays out cheerfully and smilingly something like $12,000,000 to the bellboys and porters and chambermaids and waiters in New York's large hotels in a single year, it's about time to look into this flourishing tipping business. And that's what Harvey Deuell does in next week's Liberty, in a startling article entitled

TIP! TIP! TIP!

And that's how it came about that Peter Thorne, self-made detective, came to see Miss Lorraine Eldridge that very afternoon.

"It's this way," said Lorraine, after they had got down to business. "I am suspected of the death of my father and, now, of our butler. I am not guilty of either, and I want you to prove it."

"If you didn't commit those murders it will be easy to prove it," said Peter Thorne, and his deep set, very dark eyes looked into her own.

His manner was forceful. His voice, though kindly and pleasantly modulated, had a steely ring that betokened justice before all else. This pleased Lorraine, who was sick of Stiles' sycophancy and insincerity.

"The trouble is," she said, "the police think I'm guilty, my relatives here think I'm guilty, the servants in the house—except, perhaps, the housekeeper—think I'm guilty. How can I prove I'm not guilty?"

"I *know* it"—Peter Thorne smiled—"and that's enough for us both."

"Can you prove it?" asked Lorraine slowly.

"I can prove any truth," said Thorne, with conviction. "Now, Miss Eldridge, if I am going to take up this case I must ask you straightforward questions.

"Go ahead, Mr. Thorne."

"Well, first, Miss Eldridge, when you came in last night, and found the butler's dead body, why did you not give the alarm at once?"

Lorraine stared at him.

"What?" she said in a whisper.

"You heard me," he returned, "but I will repeat it." And he did.

"Why—why—now, look here, Mr. Thorne; there are other people implicated in this thing beside myself."

"Yes, I know it. That's why I ask this. *Whom are you shielding?*"

What defense did Lorraine make to those who believed her guilty of murdering both Eldridge and Lennox? The story of the inquest on the butler's death and the slow tightening of the net of guilt about a lovely girl will be given in the fifth installment in next's week's issue. It's full of thrills and surprises.

"You're Not the Type"—*By Dorothy Stickney*

DOROTHY STICKNEY was born in the little wind-swept town of Dickinson, North Dakota, in—well, she's just about old enough to vote. She attended a dramatic school—went to New York, got a part in a vaudeville act, rehearsed eleven weeks and played—three days. She played in five different acts afterward, the most successful of which ran two weeks.

The engagement finished, Miss Stickney encountered some rough spots. She waited in booking offices, then played ingénues in stock, more waiting in offices, then leading parts in stock companies, more waiting, more stock shows, and more waiting.

For years she sought an interview with a prominent producer; then waited hours to speak to the casting director, only to hear him say, "Through for the day, try tomorrow." It was while sitting in the outer office that she wrote the poem, "You're Not the Type," on the back of an envelope.

I looked for work in early fall
And could not find a part at all.
I looked and looked and looked and then
I looked and looked and looked again,
And looked and looked, and now it's spring,
And still I haven't anything.
Too fat, too thin, too short, too tall,
Too blonde, too dark, too large, too small.

An office boy my dream would thwart,
"You're not the type," I'd hear him snort,
So then I asked a big producer,
"Oh, let me play a part for you, sir!"
And as my eye he saw me wipe,
He yawned and said, "You're not the type."
A playwright next I interviewed,
My heart with brightest hopes imbued.

He turned away and lit his pipe,
And shortly said, "You're not the type."
To see an agent then I went,
My shoes worn out, my money spent.
The agent smiled and said, "My dear,
You're not the type. Come in next year,
For doubtless then we'll be engaging."
And I departed madly raging.

So here within my furnished room,
At last I face my awful doom.
I'll starve and go (I hope) above,
And this is what I'm thinking of—
Perhaps if I am very good
And play my harp as angels should,
Saint Peter will be kind to me
And lend me once, his Golden Key.

I hope to see upon the Stair
Imploring for admittance there,
Producers, playwrights, agents, too,
And all the deadly office crew.
When my familiar face they see
They'll say, "Don't you remember me?"
Then from the Pearly Gates I'll pipe,
"Oh, go to Hell! You're not the type!"

THE END

"CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT"

HAROLD LLOYD discovered that Judy King had comedy possibilities and gave her a part in Girl Shy. She is the wife of one of his gag men. No, the gag man isn't the one they call in when the leading lady has a fit of temperament. He thinks up the funny stunts in the comedies. No wonder his wife can make good.

WILL NO ONE save our heroine? See next week's chapter of Galloping Hoofs, Miss Allene Ray's newest serial. Allene comes from Texas. In spite of that flappery look she makes ornery broncs act like carousel horses. In one serial, she'll ride pretty nearly from Boston to San Francisco before the camera.

HERE'S THE DASH OF PEPPER—Renee Adoree. The "adored Renee" spices up any page of feminine beauty. She was deposited here because (1) she is a stunning creature in Women Who Give, a Reginald Barker production; (2) if you like her, the other reasons don't matter.

JUST A SWEET YOUNG THING is Edna Murphy, but she's mingling with perfectly 'orrible crooks and criminals right now. No sooner does she get out of one tight corner than a new band of evildoers pursues her, in Police Commissioner Enright's serial, Into the Net.

The man who backed the theatrical career of Nella Gardrow (Dagmar Godowsky) said it with mah jongg tiles when he wearied of her.

GREATER Than Marriage is a picture which you might suspect of offering a message to the world. What is greater than marriage? it asks. Nothing, it answers — not even a successful theatrical career. For, says the picture, not directly, but through the character of John Masters, playwright, the stage interferes with the sanctity of the home. It's better to have a good husband than a star on a dressing room door.

But the producers of the film don't believe all this. They have not tried to discourage all stage struck young women from seeking a living on the Great White Way, or to encourage a greater interest in the darning basket and the laundry lists.

It's the character of John Masters who is guilty of this intolerance for the women of the stage. Why his manly bosom is filled with such bitter prejudice is never explained in the film. He must have had consistent bad luck with leading ladies for his plays.

At any rate, he hasn't any use for them, even though his daily bread comes to him via the theatrical profession. If it weren't for the actresses he scorns, how would John Masters, playwright, keep the well-known wolf from the equally well-known door? But this matter doesn't trouble him. Let other men's wives heap shame upon themselves by appearing before the footlights and receiving the plaudits of the multitudes. His wife shall stay at home and see that cook doesn't put too much salt in the soup, and that John's slippers receive the proper heating from the fireplace.

GREATER THAN MARRIAGE

From the novel by Louis Joseph Vance. Directed by Victor Hugo Halperin. A Vitagraph Picture.

CAST:

Joan Thursday.....Marjorie Daw	*Venetia.....Mary Thurman*
John Masters.....Lou Tellegen	*Vincent Marbridge.Raymond Bloomer*
Maizie de Noovan.....Peggy Kelly	*Mother.....Effie Shannon*
Nella Gardrow....Dagmar Godowsky	*Father.....Tyrone Power*
Sam Goldman.....William Ricciardi	

THIS is all very well for a while. But a deep rooted ambition cannot easily be destroyed. The husband makes his mistake in taking too great care to keep his wife protected from the evils of a stage career. He goes to the coast to rehearse one of his plays, leaving her at home.

And, since the lure of the stage is in her blood (for her mother almost became a great actress), Joan yields to the persuasions of Vincent Marbridge, and accepts a leading part in a play which is to open while her husband is away. Vincent Marbridge is the kind of man a husband doesn't like to see his wife with. He has already eloped with the girl John Masters was engaged to at the opening of the picture. He has been providing financial backing for Nella Gardrow on the stage. Now he hopes to receive payment from Joan, for Joan will not forget her obligation to him for his services in giving her a boost into a career.

John Masters arrives home on the opening night of his wife's play. One more happy home is broken up. Mrs. Masters continues her career, but misses her husband. Things are patched up later, of course. But the story becomes a bit too melodramatic and unconvincing.

Although the story lacks spark, and is not one to set any world records for originality, the picture on the whole is entertaining. It is well directed and has its amusing moments. The cast is large and capable.

Lou Tellegen makes one of his infrequent moving picture appearances, and again proves that he is a good actor. Although we have no sympathy for the character he plays, we have admiration for the way he plays it.

Marjorie Daw we have always liked. As the young girl, Joan Thursday, seeking a stage career, then as the young wife, she is sweet and adequately fills the rôle. As the famous actress she is perhaps too much of a flapper type, but nevertheless charming.

Dagmar Godowsky, as Nella Gardrow, actress, provides an exotic touch to the picture. Dagmar has a peculiar beauty and charm which makes a rôle stand out, no matter how small it is. In this picture she is mostly concerned with relinquishing all claims to the part which makes Joan a Broadway star.

Peggy Kelly contributes to the picture the breezy part of Maizie de Noovan, vaudeville actress, whose chief conversational specialty is "Be yourself, dearie." Later in the picture she takes upon her shoulders the part of Joan's press agent. Miss Kelly makes of a small part an entertaining bit.

NEXT WEEK:
THE PRICE OF A PARTY

"Turkey and mince pie, jelly, gravy, raisins and nuts and cider. Gee! Won't it be great?"

WHEN You See a Battered, Reeling Pigskin Warrior Bark Something at an Opponent Above the Tumult of the Stands, What Is He Talking About? Is Hot Temper or Humor the Rule in the Stress of Gridiron Battle?

What Football Players Say *on the* FIELD

By HUGH FULLERTON

Pictures By F. D. STROTHMANN

NOTRE DAME'S famous team was fighting the Army. Neither team had scored, and Notre Dame was just developing its attack which later swept the heavy Army line backward to defeat. The Notre Dame backs were crashing off tackle, and the Army, fighting desperately, saw defeat and battled harder.

One of the Notre Dame backs was dragged down after a gain of six yards, and a desperate Army secondary defense man plunged upon the boy with the ball — unnecessarily rough, perhaps, because of his knowledge that he could not stop the attack.

The Notre Dame boy, wriggling from beneath the mass, said:

"Be a sportsman—take your annual licking."

The cadet, speechless with wrath, wilted. And after that he was easy for the attacking team.

Football crowds, massed in tens of thousands to watch the fray, often wonder what goes on in the arena where the high-strung, tense, alert boys battle for the glory of their schools. Sometimes they see quick words being spoken—and wonder what is said. Yet conversation is scarce on the gridiron — first, because the coaches order the players not to speak for fear of distracting attention from plays; second, because the officials command that the players shall not talk to opponents or attempt to abuse them; and, third, because the players usually are too intent upon the game to talk.

There is a lesson for everyone in the theory of football conversation, and that is:

Don't talk at all unless you have something to say.

Some of the talk on the football field is merely chatter; the working off of excess nerve energy—a sort of safety valve. The rest is designed to have a psychological effect upon either teammates or opponents.

Joe Walsh, one of Cornell's early heroes, talked steadily during games. All he ever said was to repeat steadily and monotonously:

"Bite 'em! BITE 'EM!"

And "Bite 'em!" became a slogan of his teams.

Coaches have divergent ideas as to whether players should talk or keep silent during a game, and the great majority oppose any talk at all, believing that silence means closer attention to the game and that the player who talks with an opponent is more liable to miss a signal or fail to diagnose the opposition's play than is one who concentrates upon the play itself.

The fact is that most of the talk used on the football field is either incoherent babblings or purposeful, rehearsed, and systematic talk for effect. The old days of the raving, exhorting, screaming, abusive old grad striving to spur a weary, battered youngster into greater action have almost passed, but not long ago there was an example of this and its effect.

ONE of the most famous coaches in the country had a habit of using baseball methods on his football players, cursing, abusing, scolding the boys who were tearing their hearts out to win for their schools.

On his team was a big, earnest boy, doing his best and sometimes his best was not very good. He made a mistake in practice one day, and the coach cut loose, calling him a blink-blanked, blink yellow dog.

The boy swung right from his hip, hit the coach on the point of the jaw, and he was carried off the field. He came to presently, and resumed work with the backfield. The boy who had knocked him out had gone to the locker room, removed his uniform, and, weeping, was retiring from football forever, as he supposed. The coach, after five minutes, glanced around and said:

"Where's that big bum? I was mistaken about him—he is a fighter, and I apologize for thinking he was yellow. Get him out here and we'll try this new play."

And the next year that "yellow dog" player was selected as all-American in his position.

SOME of the conversation of the football field, of course, is for effect. Harvard, for instance, has a system designed to find out whether or not a player is in shape to play the game. Often, after being heavily battered, a player gets groggy, and the coach, knowing that success depends upon clear-headedness, especially in a quarter back, fears that the mind may not be functioning. There have been dozens of instances of boys playing through games not knowing what they were doing.

In fact, one of last fall's most spectacular games is said to have been saved by a boy who, either from the jar or the excitement, made the wrong play and became a hero.

That game was the famous 3 to 3 tie between Princeton and the Navy, and the Tigers perhaps do not know yet how victory was snatched from them. The score was 3 to 0 in favor of Princeton. The Navy was tearing its way down the field. It was within striking distance, ripping the reeling, battered Tiger line—and the game resolved itself into a problem of conduct: should the Navy strive to carry the ball across for a victory or try for goal and a tie. A defeat meant much, no matter what the score. The field leader had the choice between a desperate attempt to score and win, or an

even money chance to kick a goal from the short distance and get a tie.

Whether his head was clear or not only he knows. But he gave a signal for a line plunge. The ball was snapped to him. He dropped back three steps, suddenly changed his mind, dropped the ball, and kicked the goal. His unintentional change of plan had completely deceived Princeton and his own team—and the Navy was as astounded at the kick as was Princeton.

HARVARD, with its customary thoroughness, has evolved a simple plan of finding out whether or not the players are dazed and incapable of quick thinking. It consists of sending a trainer running out to ask:

"What day is this?"

In one game in 1922, Buell, already crippled, was hit hard and was weaving and groggy. A trainer raced out to him, faced him, and said:

"What day is this?"

"It is Saturday, November 18, 1922. I'm captain of this football team. The score is 3 to 0 against us, and we're going to win this game. Get off this field," said Buell, proving that he was far from being dazed.

On the other hand, during one of the final battles for the championship of the Western Conference a couple of years ago one of the stars of Ohio State was playing a remarkable game. Late in the final quarter it was observed by the officials that the lad was talking constantly in a low tone. He was steady on his feet, quick to see an opening, and was playing with a dash and spirit that always marked his work.

Finally, during time out, the umpire passed near the boy and heard him say:

"Turkey and mince pie, jelly, gravy, raisins and nuts and cider. Gee! Won't it be great? Thanksgiving at home. Turkey and mince pie——" and so on.

The boy finished the game. It was not until after he had come from under the showers and been rubbed down that his head cleared suddenly, and he sat up and said:

"How did it come out?"

When told, he inquired whether he had been carried off the field.

"I had a funny dream," he said. "I don't remember anything after I got that bump, just after the kick-off. Thought I was home for Thanksgiving."

Psychologists could, perhaps, explain the mental processes of a man in that condition,

"I had a letter from Marcy this morning."

and football officials tell many yarns of queer freaks of the mind under heavy tension—and quick reactions at unexpected times.

Near the end of the first half of an Army-Yale game in Breidster's year, the Army had the ball inside Yale's thirty-yard line. There were but a few seconds to play and attack and defense met in a terrific shock. Breidster, the Army captain, had torn a hole in Yale's forward wall and had gone down, smothered under the mass, his face shoved into the mud of the field, a ton or two of men on top of him. An official extended a helping hand to Breidster, who arose, mud and blood smeared, and recognized in the official an old friend of the family. A grin overspread his face, and he said:

"I had a letter from Marcy this morning."

When the Callahan brothers were leading Yale and Princeton, playing against each other, they walked together across Palmer Stadium field, with 60,000 persons cheering, the bands playing and the cheer leaders urging on the riot of noise.

"I had a letter from Aunt Ellen this morning," remarked the Princeton captain. "She said——"

Before the conversation could be finished the officials called them to the center to flip the coin. During that heart-breaking struggle, which ended in a brilliant Princeton victory, the brothers did not speak. But, as the final whistle blew, the Tiger leader threw his arm across his brother's shoulders, and said:

"Aunt Ellen said——"

"Aw, to hell with Aunt Ellen," said Tim.

The coach cut loose, calling him a blink-blanked blink yellow dog. The boy swung right from his hip.

ONE of the prettiest scenes in football history was in the Yale-Princeton game of 1922. Playing on the opposing teams were two lads who had been in prep school together—chums, roommates, but who were then bitter rivals. Both were playing desperately, and early in the second half a fierce collision dropped the Yale boy senseless, a crumpled mass. He seemed badly hurt.

The whistle blew, and in an instant the Princeton boy was crouched over his unconscious chum, holding his head in his arms, weeping and damning anyone who hurt him. He looked ashamed when the Yale boy recovered, grinned at him weakly, and said:

"I'm all right. Don't worry."

A minute later they were bat-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

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To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Absolutely Harmless—No Opiates. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

tering each other joyously again.

Tom Thorp, famous as a player, as coach, official, and authority on the game, raves wildly whenever any of his boys get hurt. He weeps over them, declares he never will coach another team, and that the game isn't worth having boys hurt.

Last fall one of his boys suffered a broken leg. Thorp had to leave the city the next day but was so worried that he asked his brother, Ed, to visit the boy and take care of him. When Ed reached the hospital he found the boy's father, a small business man who perhaps never engaged in athletics in his life, sitting by his son's bedside. Ed started to apologize when the father interrupted him proudly:

"Oh, he'll be all right," he said. "He'll be back there playing in that last game. I'm proud of him. He's out there doing something—not a loafer like some boys. He is a fine boy and he'll be a big man. I was afraid he wouldn't be able to play again this year, and we've got to win that last game."

THERE is another system of talk used on the field which is for psychological effect only. In the famous "Harvard system" this applied psychology plays a big part. Charlie Buell, Harvard's great field leader, was a master at this. Always smiling and courteous to opponents, he was effective. Seeing a new man in the opposing line, he would say, pleasantly:

"So you are the new tackle? I think I shall test you. I shall send the next three plays over you."

Then he would make good, send the attack straight at his man, and if he succeeded in disturbing his mental equilibrium or getting him mad he'd wreck the opponents' defenses.

Just before one memorable game the Princeton team had been warned of the Harvard psychological football and commanded not to allow themselves to be disturbed. One day a Harvard leader with a distinct Bostonese accent started with the theory that a calm manner and an assumption of superiority might prove disturbing to the opposing players. The theory of the psychologist, expressed ordinarily, is that the world usually takes a man at his own valuation.

On the first lineup the Harvard quarter back, calmly superior, walked along back of the tense, crouching line and in a half bored but clear voice said:

"Signal, men! Foahty-foah, seventy-nine, sixty-two, eight, foah——"

Just then a rough, unpsychological Tiger bawled out:

"Referee! Time out a minute while I kiss him."

Thereupon psychology was forgotten, or else acted as an irritant, and there followed three minutes of as desperate fighting as ever was seen on a football field.

The Harvard system of directing a psychological attack upon an individual in the opposition has been used elsewhere, and sometimes with big results.

A tackle on one Eastern school was a Southerner—and on the opposing team was a colored youth who was a great athlete. The Southerner objected to playing against the colored boy—and in some manner knowledge of this racial prejudice reached the mates of the colored athlete—and they were indignant, he being a fine type of man and player.

JUST before the game started the tackle made some sneering remark and the quarter back of the other team heard him.

"So you object to him?" he inquired mildly. "Well, I think I shall send him at you the first four plays."

"Send him on—I'll break him," said the tackle angrily.

On the first rush the colored boy ripped through that tackle and bore him back eight yards.

"I shall send him over you again," remarked the quarter back.

Again the colored catapult crashed through and bore back the tackle, who by that time was raging.

"Send him again—I want him," he yelled.

"Never mind the signals," said the quarter back. "Same play—right over that tackle."

Four times the colored boy drove the tackle back—and smashed the defense until the coach, seeing his tackle rattled and breaking badly, withdrew him from the game. His own prejudices had upset him until he forgot all he knew about defensive play and almost brought defeat upon his team.

Coaches agree, however, that the silent, watchful fellows who concentrate all powers of attention and observation upon the play, are best and that conversation on the field should be limited to quick calls of warning or quick exchanges of words to make certain that a play is understood.

Notre Dame used this system effectively upon opponents. The idea was simply to make certain, especially in defending against forward passes, that each player understood his duties. In lining up for defense each Notre Dame player shot his arm out straight in front of him, his hand pointing at the opponent he intended to cover. The unexpected psychological effect was that the opponent found it distracting to be pointed out in that manner, and often lost a chance for the play in trying to keep an eye on the fellow who had singled him out.

THE END

The Fightin' Heart of a Mick

Pictures by
J. C. SHEPHERD

By HARLEY P. LATHROP

Carefully parting the curtains . . . this is what he saw: a fireplace with a glowing bed of coals. In the flickering light a settee, a girl, a man, and a red dog.

An Irish Colleen, Two Irishmen, and an Irish Setter—Of Course It Took a Terrific Fight to Straighten Out Such a Tangle!

I.

"HOW could a man who had associated with a bunch of roughnecks for five years—sweated and heaved with them on the top of a sixteen-story skyscraper, or gasped and strangled with them in the depths of a forty-foot caisson—be expected to exercise diplomacy? Tell him that, would you?"

Hugh Donovan aimed a vicious swipe at the neatly piled morning's mail and flopped morosely back in his chair.

Damn the O'Rourke Construction Company. Damn the partnership he had worked his hide and toe nails off for. Damn the canine family root and branch, and doubly and thrice be damned all silk-stockinged, namby-pamby, swivel chair executive jobs. That's the sort of a hard-boiled guy he was. Bah!

He'd write the old man a letter. He'd inform the testy old curmudgeon that he, Hugh Donovan, structural engineer, free, white, and twenty-eight, didn't give two whoops in the bottomless pit for his name on the O'Rourke firm's letterhead. And as a postscript he'd add that he didn't propose for any cause whatever to become interested in any branch of canine aristocracy or the antecedents thereof, by golly!

Then Hugh wilted weakly in his chair. He wouldn't do any such darn fool trick, and well he knew it. He'd get a book on dog lore, a whole library if necessary, and bone up till he could reel the canine lingo off by the fathom. He'd follow Eileen's hint and take a course in high diplomacy. Then he could soothe O'Rourke, and maybe the testy, cold hearted old son-of-a-gun would——

But there Hugh wronged O'Rourke. Testy he might be a trifle, but cold hearted—well, listen and judge.

Barry O'Rourke, a youngest son, was born where his name would indicate. While still in his teens, the peat of the bogs on his brogans and the furze of the land burring his tongue, he landed in New York. Being in the days when Ireland furnished the backbone of the pick and shovel brigade, naturally Barry hopped into a ditch. From the day he landed, Barry prospered exceedingly, and in course of time he sent for a sweet faced, blue eyed colleen who was patiently waiting. Before the gray had more than touched Barry's hair, the sign "O'Rourke & Co.," flanking some huge construction job, was the badge of conscientious work being honorably performed.

As the firm grew Barry further bulwarked the business by the introduction of young blood. He made it a practice to reward marked competence with a partnership. Then the firm became the O'Rourke Construction Company.

AND then one day the colleen who had come to him from across the sea—gray haired now, but still sweet of face—passed away. In the search for surcease from grief and desolation Barry, obeying a gripping call of the soil—a deep seated desire, grown stronger with advancing years—forsook the city.

He bought an old estate, with rolling acres commanded by a stately, white columned house. Its spacious rooms and broad fireplaces spoke eloquently of generations long gone. To Barry the country home was the height of his dreams, and he appropriately named the place Barrymore.

Here, with his daughter Eileen, O'Rourke spent most of his time. In the cool of the early mornings he would stand on the broad gallery and listen with real appreciation to the melodious call of the cock quail. In response, Barry would fancy he could hear the clucking bevy call of the mother bird as she summoned her

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ever hungry brood to some new-found feast. Then Barry would stroll up a small knoll where stood an almost immaculately kept group of miniature buildings.

O'Rourke was far from being cold hearted. For old Barry loved dogs—loved them with that deep-seated, inextinguishable, enduring affection which is a God given trait of those whose hearts are warm.

In his country manor Barry bred dogs—field trial dogs—bred them for the love of their trim bodied, patrician lined grace, the superb courage of their nature, and the sheer kick and satisfaction their work afield afforded him.

"Dammit all. I can't see why that tall Donovan lad runs down here wid his everlastin' talk av strains and stresses and gumbo and quicksand ivery time the wind changes," old Barry growled irritably one morning after a vain search for Eileen. "What in the name av Pat does he think I turned the business over to a bunch av young whippersnappers for if it wasn't to get shut av such balderdash?"

But the thought of a thorn which old Morton had discovered in the foot of the King Richard pup that very morning intruded itself. He was a rollicky devil, that King, and wouldn't lie quiet for anyone but Eileen. He'd behave like a gentleman for her. Dammit all. What'd Hugh mean by traipsin' Eileen off before the sun was scarce risen? Didn't he know she always visited the kennels with her father in the mornin'?

THEN a solution of the difficulty popped into O'Rourke's mind and he laughed slyly. Get the lad interested in dogs once and he'd guarantee they'd both be under foot all the blessed time. What a scheme! How simple!

That very afternoon, his trap well baited, O'Rourke guilelessly escorted Hugh across to the kennels.

From run to run old Barry led Hugh, pouring into his ears an almost unintelligible jargon. Prospects, derbies, speed, and class O'Rourke referred to in detail. Mistaking the puzzled light in Hugh's eyes for dawning enthusiasm, the old man next launched into a complex maze of blood lines, intermixed with a plethora of sires and dams, running for generations back. Then at the proper time he sprang the trap.

"The white, black, and ticked pup, Hugh. The rampagin', jumpin' divil wid the look av a race horse in his eyes; that's the pup I'm givin' ye. He's by Whitestone's King out av Lansdowne's Lady, and he'll win the Barrymore Stakes month after next as sure's my name's O'Rourke."

If someone had suddenly presented Hugh with the Bay of Fundy as a bathtub, or deeded to him the Washington monument for a mantel ornament, he would have felt in about the same predicament. He thought of his small bachelor quarters, then of the apartment overlooking the river, one he had his eye on if—well, if things turned out right. Dogs of any sort had absolutely no place in his present existence.

"But I—I, really, sir— Now, about that abutment at Pier Four. Those caissons must go deeper. The——" Hugh stammered.

"May the divil fly away wid Pier Four and the whole East River for all av me," roared O'Rourke. "Are ye meanin' to say ye don't want the pup?"

"Well, you see, sir, I don't know much about dogs, and—and at present I have a good many other things on my mind," came the halting explanation.

There ensued a period of silence with ominous calmness on the part of O'Rourke.

That night at dinner Hugh received the impression that Pier Four would be better off for a little executive attention and that both telegraph and telephone lines had been known to prove extremely efficacious whenever consultations became imperative.

II.

SO you may begin to see now why Hugh, the hand picked, blundering imbecile, sat bewailing his lack of diplomacy and resolving to burn midnight oil in an attempt to retrieve himself in O'Rourke's good graces.

Having decided on a course of study of the dog family, Hugh began a methodical inspection of the morning's mail. Midway of the heap he ran across a yellow envelope, tore it open, read the enclosed telegram, and gave a delirious whoop of joy.

Would he meet Lady Kildare? Would he? He'd meet the whole royal family if necessary. That's the sort of a fellow he was.

He re-read the latter part of the message. Sure! He hoped, too, that Lady Kildare would have a pleasant voyage and be feeling fit when she landed. But he agreed with Eileen, who had sent the message, that the proper thing would be for him to accompany the visitor to Barrymore. She might feel a trifle lonesome, and all that, making the trip all alone in a strange country. Old Barry wouldn't have a leg to stand on, either, considering this was solely a courtesy visit on Hugh's part.

He scribbled a hasty answer, rang for a messenger, and then, picking up the telephone, barked a number.

"This is the steamship office," came an answering voice. "Yes, the Caspian is due Thursday and is expected to dock before noon."

Hugh dropped a curt word of thanks and hung up. No use to look at a time table; the three forty-five was the train to take. He knew. That would get Lady Kildare to Barrymore the following noon.

Again Hugh worked the telephone and a busy clerk in the Pullman offices made note of two reservations on Thursday's Number Ten via the Southwestern.

Wednesday afternoon Hugh had a grand flash of inspiration. Enlisting the aid of wireless, he sent a message to the Caspian. Addressed to Lady Kildare, the message informed her that Donovan would meet her at the dock. The message he signed, "Eileen O'Rourke."

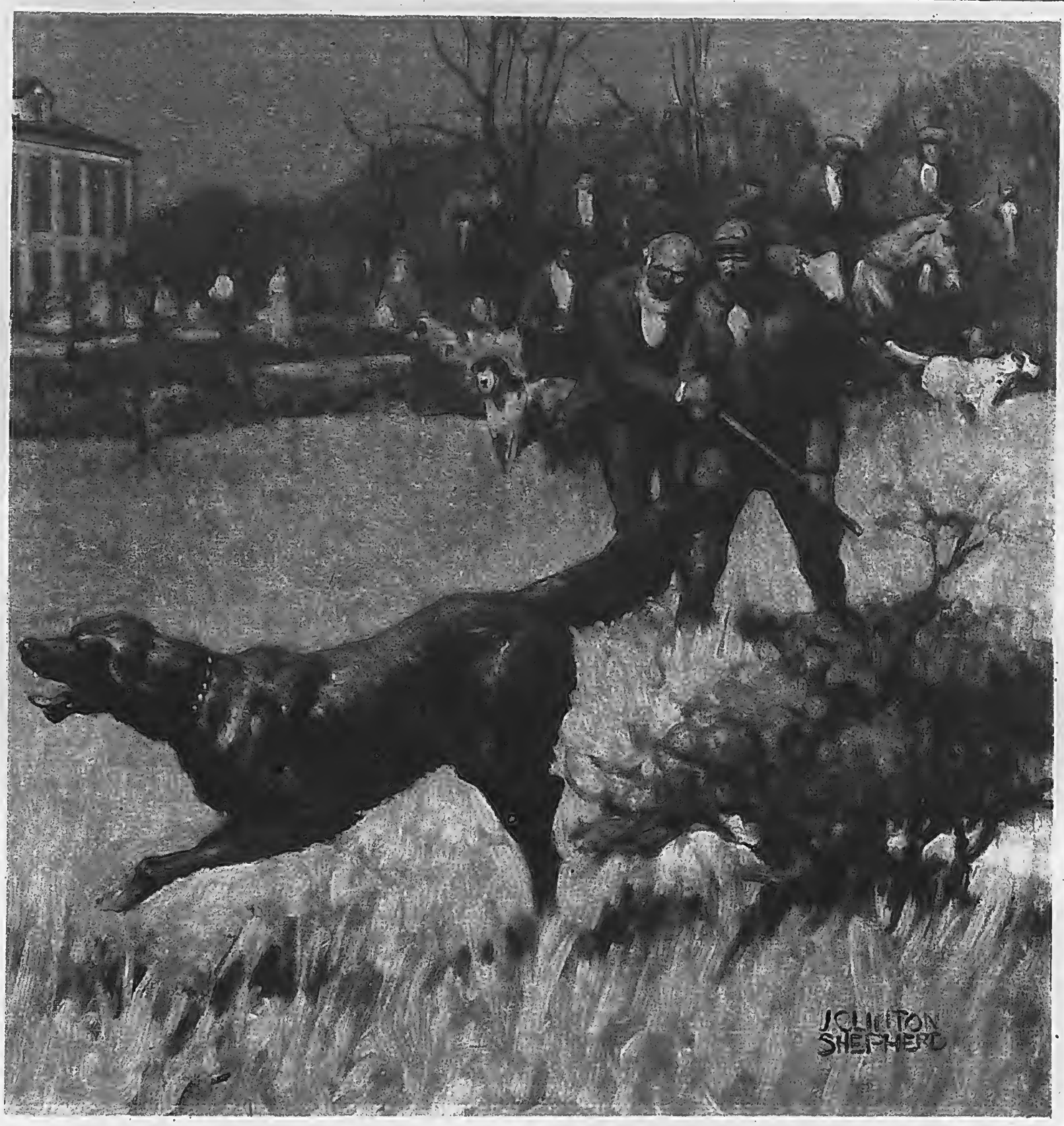
Like a living crimson catapult Lady Kildare hurled herself

By nine o'clock the following morning Hugh had worried himself into a fit of nervous tremors. Suppose Lady Kildare hadn't come, suppose she hadn't gotten his message, suppose he'd miss her, suppose a thousand things. He was enveloped in a sort of a blue funk when he called a taxi and hurried to the pier where the Caspian was due to dock.

By the time the last passenger had disembarked Hugh found himself in a predicament which made the blood rush to his head. No Lady Kildare had appeared on the pier where waited the customs inspectors.

HUGH went on board in search of the captain. The nearest Hugh came to that exalted personage was the first officer. That somewhat arrogant official scanned Eileen's message and superciliously informed Hugh that Eileen must have crossed her wires.

He would see the purser. They were always susceptible to the right kind of inducement, and if Lady Kildare had sailed incognito the



forward to certain death. Fifty pounds of grim determination against twice that weight of rabid ruthlessness.

purser would surely be aware of the fact. Acting on this impulse, Hugh searched for the purser.

Yes, the purser affirmed, Lady Kildare was aboard, waiting Mr. Donovan's arrival.

Hugh followed the purser through a maze of passages and down numerous flights of narrow stairs. At last at the end of a corridor in the depths of the ship the purser stopped.

"There she is, sir," he said, designating a huge crate. "In as fit shape as when she started. She's had her exercise every day coming across. I understood that she was purchased with the idea of entering her in field trials on this side of the water, so I was careful to keep her in condition. I'm somewhat of a fancier myself, sir, and I want to say she's a gem. America is to be congratulated on getting an Irish setter of her breeding. Her blood lines are incomparable."

When that afternoon's Number Ten via the Southwestern pulled out there was one vacant reservation. The royal personage for whom it had been reserved was comfortably ensconced, crate and all, in the baggage car ahead. But the adjoining reservation was occupied by a tall, broad shouldered young man, given to constant chucklings, which every now and then broke into a fit of hearty laughter. The humor of the situation was still in evidence on Hugh's face when he stepped off the train the following day.

"I am so relieved that you came along, Hugh," Eileen welcomed him. "I have a feeling that I will need an ally badly when Daddy unlimbers his heavy artillery. Morton has promised to back me up, but I am afraid he will retreat without firing a shot in my defense."

"I'll do my best. I doubt if it's possible to get any farther in dutch, no matter what. What's the row about, anyhow?"

With a little laugh Eileen explained. "I have always wanted to own an imported Irish setter and Morton located this one for me through his brother, who is also a trainer. But it's going to make Daddy furious, for if there is any one breed of dog he despises it's a Mick. He seems to think they are one blot on the escutcheon of every native Irishman."

"Well, this lady's about the prettiest thing I ever saw—on four feet," Hugh hastily amended. "I should think he'd be proud to claim kinship with her."

"You wait," Eileen cautioned with an enigmatical smile.

SHORTLY after luncheon the storm broke with sudden fury. Hugh and Eileen were lingering just outside the run where Lady Kildare had been installed. There O'Rourke chanced upon them. His eyes flitted past the engrossed pair and fell on the new dog.

One glance was sufficient. Old Barry stiffened and his cheeks assumed a dangerous lavender tint. Warned by the repressed puffings and blowings which came from behind them, Eileen and Hugh turned. To Eileen's intense amusement the vials of old Barry's wrath were uncorked on Hugh's innocent head.

"Dammit, sir! Who—who—what does this mean?" he shouted, pointing an outraged finger at the red interloper within the run.

Hugh colored almost to the shade of the offending dog's coat and coughed uneasily.

To tell the truth, O'Rourke himself was somewhat aghast at the result of his volley. Allowing his tones to drop back to normal, he sought to temper the harshness of his question.

"Sure, me bhoy," O'Rourke said, "'tis happy I am to see ye enther the ranks av the dog owners. But, dammit, ye should have taken the pup I offered. Instead av that ye let some conscienceless spalpeen wish this red coated bench warmer off on ye. Sure and it's a sorry picture av a dog she is."

Following O'Rourke's pointing digit, Hugh was overcome with an irresistible longing to rally to the defense of the despised alien. But the scant knowledge he had obtained in his two nights' delving among the lanes and byways of dogdom's lore deserted him at this critical moment. Probing the recesses of his memory for some adequate reply, he lighted on the one remembered sentence of his worthy fancier friend, the purser of the Caspian.

"She has incomparable blood lines, sir," Hugh defended, clutching at the quotation and tossing it undiplomatically at old Barry.

"Blood lines, blood lines," exploded O'Rourke, grabbing at the plagiarism, hook,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A HEADLINER

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Put one on - the pain is gone

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

line and sinker. "Sure and what do blood lines signify in an Irishman? 'Tis ashamed at times I am that I came from the same counthry wid them bastes. Blood lines av a great sthrain diluted wid lollypops and stuffed goose livers, that's what she carries."

Then, forcing his voice to a degree of calmness his feelings did not justify, he placed a fatherly hand on his junior partner's shoulder.

"Hark carefully, me bhoy, to what I am tellin'," counseled O'Rourke. "Once on a time, Hugh, long, long ago it was, the red dogs were the last word among the hunters. Courage and gameness and stamina they had, wid a heart the size of an ox. Bred and built for work in the roughest av counthry, toughened and seasoned by winters in the marshes, they could go anywhere and for any length av time.

"No weather was too cold, no ground too difficult, no day too long for a Mick.

"Like all breeds av honest working dogs, they became the rage av thim that know not the meaning av work themselves. The blood red coat av thim became their undoing. Year after year they were bred for beauty. Curried and combed and brushed and powdered all for the sake av turnin' them into a sweet scented pet for some flirting lady or primpin', mincin' dandy.

"Gineration after gineration the love av good hard work was bred out av them, also the bone and muscle and, be the gods! what's worse, the courage! Let an honest to God dog bark at wan and he'll turn over and curl up like the tumblebug he is."

MORTON, the trainer, who had stolen up during O'Rourke's impassioned harangue, had been fidgeting uneasily, hopping first on one foot, then on the other. His professional pride was badly piqued.

"Begging your pardon, it is not right to damn the whole breed," he refuted hotly. "Sir William Brady of Kildare still breeds honest working dogs. My brother, who trains for him——"

Old Barry wheeled like a flash.

"So that's the answer to it," he thundered, leveling an accusing finger at the trainer. "Little did I imagine that ye would be leadin' the bhoy asthray in the matter av dogs. Shame on ye, Morton, for being a party to such an act."

It was Eileen who, displaying the most unfilial ingratitude, tossed the next bomb into old Barry's camp.

"Daddy, you have been most unjust to Hugh," she reproached sweetly. "I am the one who really bought Lady Kildare. Hugh only took her off the boat and brought her down for me. She is the unnamed entry I have for the Barrymore Stakes. Of course, after what you have said now I am afraid I won't be able to sell a half interest in her to Hugh as I had planned. She cost me an awful lot, too."

Hugh, in the seventh heaven of bliss, tugged valiantly at his check book.

With eyes that were glazed O'Rourke watched Hugh dash off his signature and pass an unfilled check over to Eileen to fill in the amount. Then, in a silence that was charged with ominousness, he turned and stalked stiffly toward the house.

III.

AND this was how Hugh, the bungling nincompoop, instead of living up to his vow of diplomacy, succeeded in drawing all the fires of O'Rourke's wrath down on his own silly head.

For the more old Barry brooded over what he considered a barefaced affront to his judgment, the more bitter became his feeling toward the one whom he adjudged the guilty party.

That very night old Barry, still enveloped in a mantle of wrath, sought out Eileen. The interview left him sadly crestfallen and immeasurably wiser in the ways of a maid. He was willing to admit to the whole wide world that the spunk and fire had not been entirely bred out of the Irish—not in one certain branch of the family, anyway.

O'Rourke sulked for three days thereafter, absolutely refusing to set foot near the kennels. Never as long as he lived did he want to set eyes on a despised Mick again. The fourth morning he consulted the calendar for perhaps the thousandth time. He knew it.

Here it was only six weeks before the big stakes. And no telling what Morton might be doing without O'Rourke's supervising care. Feeding the pups on arsenic, for all he knew, or he might—horror of horrors—be exercising the lowly Mick. Resolutely putting his pride in his pocket, old Barry took his way kennelward.

Morton was transferring several braces of dogs to the light training wagon preparatory to departing for the morning's workout. Old Barry, nodding morosely, watched him in contemplative silence. In the most inadvertent manner he let his eyes stray from run to run. Morton smiled behind his mustache.

"Lady Kildare has gone, sir," Morton ventured. "Mr. Hugh begged Miss Eileen to sell out to him altogether, and he took her when he left."

"'Tis good riddance to both av them," O'Rourke commented indifferently.

Morton was encouraged and let fly his next shot. "He said to tell you, sir, that as long as the entry to the Barrymore Stakes went with Lady Kildare, he was coming back and run her. He wanted me to say, too, that he knew at least one Mick he would guarantee had a fighting heart, and he was sure Lady Kildare had one also."

"Fuss and fiddlesticks, Morton," pettishly replied O'Rourke. "Can't you talk about something pleasant?"

It was the afternoon preceding the opening of the Barrymore Stakes. Never in former years had such an aggregation of kings and queens of the bird-dog world foregathered for this event. Here were keen limbed, silken coated setters and racily built, rat tailed pointers, dogs whose names were indelibly graven on the roll of field trial history and dogs whose hope of glory rested solely in the future.

But everyone, from the tried and proven campaigner to the youngest derby, from the proud winner of a national open to the lowliest of "also rans," was there by right of blood and breeding. To each was conceded the fighting heart, the unyielding stamina and the never-say-die grit which dominate the field trial strain.

All this was conceded to every animal except one. And that was the red coated alien from across the seas. She was of a race despised. Craven hearted, a shirker, in trivial matters as stubborn as a spoiled child and as headstrong as a rushing torrent, but in the supreme test a hollow shell.

The mellow afternoon sun poured down, tempering the crisp tang of winter. A hundred yards to the right of the kennels, and twice that distance from the stately, white columned house whose hospitable doors were flung wide open for the occasion, was an indiscriminate gathering. Professional trainers, bronze faced, soft spoken men, marked as to calling by the whistles which were suspended by thongs from about their necks; prosperous looking, whipcord clad owners, faces aglow with anticipatory excitement; and, adding a final touch of butterfly color, was a sprinkling of sport coated feminine enthusiasts. Nervously yelping dogs and high strung, prancing horses helped to swell the uproar.

IV.

THE dominating figure of the great event was old Barry. For O'Rourke this marked the beginning of a week of weeks. Here was history in the making and, as such, it was about to be recorded.

Gradually out of the seeming inextricable confusion some degree of order was evolved. A thin line of owners formed, each loosely holding his dog on leash. Grouped in between was the feminine contingent. Behind as a living background pranced the horses, the pick of the O'Rourke stables.

Such a sight! Such a picture!

In the cool of the early morning Barry would stand on the broad gallery and listen with real appreciation to the melodious call of the cock quail.

A warm rush of blood surged through old Barry's veins. Dogs that were the quintessence of breeding, horses faultless in their perfection; thorough going sportsmen and beautiful women. Day of days! The Barrymore Stakes had once again exercised their lure.

" All ready, ladies and gintlemin," O'Rourke's voice boomed forth genially. There was an instant straightening of the line. The owners tugged their dogs to attention and the photographer dove underneath his enveloping cloth. An appreciable hush fell.

And then, coming from no one knew where, urged on by the fantastic impulse of a deranged brain, appeared a massive mongrel.

Now, there is one word in the lexicon of every dog owner that will cause his eyes to narrow and the short hairs at the back of his neck to tingle suggestively. And that one word is rabies. Stealthily, insidious, manifesting itself when least expected, from whence it comes or why is shrouded in mystery. From its presence the stoutest hearted will instinctively turn and shamelessly flee as though some subtle instinct, some hidden, inherent sense warns of its fatality.

So when the gigantic dog, his sides foam flecked, his eyes flaming with a mad, insane light, loped toward the gathering, there fell that instant of tense silence which precedes a panic. But only for a moment did the tension last.

Then, as though obeying a telepathic presentiment that the use of tooth or fang would be of no avail, that coming to grips meant a fight to the death, and that, even though victorious, a horrible fate awaited, each dog launched itself to the end of its loosely held leash.

Gone was that high degree of courage fostered by generations of selective breeding. Vanished was that boasted spark of gameness. Harkening to the greatest of primal instincts—fear—the dogs sought safety in flight.

What a bedlam! What a nightmare! Plunging horses, fear crazed dogs, cowering women! Strong men formed a cordon about the women. And onward at a lope came the fearsome dog, half blind, utterly mad, urged on by a demented brain, which bade him sink his slaver-covered fangs into living flesh. Rods, yards, then only feet intervened, when from the milling, panic-stricken throng, sprang a blood red dog.

What was it that impelled Lady Kildare to the supreme sacrifice? Was it some overpowering, gigantic lust for battle, or, rather instead, some deep seated, primal instinct coming to the fore, the urge that centuries ago bade the red dogs yield their lives that their masters might live? Who knows? Who can say?

Like a living crimson catapult, Lady Kildare hurled herself forward to certain death. While brave men, hurrying loved ones before them, raced for safety, ensued such a combat as to make hot blood turn cold. Fifty pounds of grim determination against twice that weight of rabid ruthlessness.

You may claim what you like for the stubborn, tenacious bull, the ripping, slashing collie, or the cool, calculating, intrepid Airedale. Everyone to his fancy. But if history can be believed, there never as yet has lived a dog that for sheer, cold, fighting sagacity could equal the Irish setter of ancient strain. And Lady Kildare, sloughing in a single instant the veneer of generations, reverted to her primordial forebears. Torn, slashed, her beautiful coat soaked with blood, she fought with a silent, intent savageness.

And to the everlasting glory of the Irish, Lady Kildare did not lack encouragement. Giving no thought to the danger, paying scant heed to the slashing fangs, Hugh Donovan hovered over the squirming, twisted mass of dog flesh, hands quivering in intense desire to assist the blood red pup.

And back of the trio, disregarding peril, deaf alike to shrill cries and entreaties, danced the master of Barrymore. With eyes that were blazing and with his heart pounding erratically from unalloyed joy, old Barry was drinking in what he had never thought to witness—the regeneration of the divine spark of courage in a breed that in his heart of hearts he loved best of all.

To the wild Irishmen who were so gravely concerned, time was of no import, but to the safety seeking crowd it seemed ages before Morton appeared with a loaded gun. Hastily running in, he covered the fighting pair. Like a flash O'Rourke struck aside the gun.

" Lave be," he commanded harshly. " If the big wan breaks loose, 'twill be time enough. No need to sacrifice thim both."

HER brown eyes crimson with the flame of battle, her breath coming in panting gasps, Lady Kildare strove with silent, implacable intentness for the famed death grip of her forebears.

Minutes, hours, ages it seemed—then at last Morton lowered the wavering gun, old O'Rourke heaved a great sigh of exultation and relief, and the crouching Hugh relaxed his tenseness.

The red dog had obtained the hold that her instinct bade her seek. Long minutes she held it, and only when the last trickle of life blood had ceased and the massive body that had all but crushed her had made its last spasmodic quiver and lay quiet, did she look up. Across her fang torn, victorious body were clasped a pair of hands.

" Be the glory of ould Erin I've seen once more the fightin' heart av a Mick," said a husky voice.

The guests at Barrymore had long since retired. Growing dim in the distance came the muffled exhaust from a car bearing a skilled veterinarian back to a distant city. Lady Kildare's wounds had been dressed and the life saving serum injected into her veins.

Old Barry, fresh from bidding the doctor farewell, stepped into the long hall. He hesitated, then did a shameless thing. Carefully parting the curtains that draped the broad doors to the library, he applied his eye to the small opening, and this is what he saw:

A fireplace with a glowing bed of coals. In the flickering light a settee, a girl, a man, and a red dog. The girl's hands was pulling affectionately at the dog's ears. The man's arm was—but, shucks, why go on?

Anyway, old Barry silently dropped the curtains and, with a soul-satisfying chuckle, moved on down the hall.

THE END

The PARTING

By JIM and KATHLEEN

Ninth Episode, Complete in Itself, of a Series Entitled This MARRIAGE Business

Picture by FREDERIC ANDERSON

The Wife's Side—By Kathleen

IT HAS come. Jim has left me. I am here alone.

I can't believe it. I can't understand it. And yet it now seems that it was inevitable.

Last night I felt that I could not stand the strained condition we were in one minute longer. I thought if we sat there in that gloom and depression and angry silence one minute longer I would really go mad. Suddenly, without meaning to, I burst out with:

"Jim! This can't go on any longer! One or the other of us has got to do something!"

"What?"

"Get out, or——" I was going to say "get next to ourselves" or something like that, but Jim didn't wait for me to finish.

"All right!" he said, so quickly it took my breath away. "That suits me."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm going to get out!" And without one other word he got up and went into the bedroom.

"One thing," I thought to myself, "he'll find everything in order. I hope he appreciates it."

Then I sat there, waiting, not seeming to feel anything but sort of like being suspended in air.

Jim was back in no time, bag in hand, overcoat over his arm. Without a word or a glance —I was watching him in the mirror over the mantel—he made for the door. There he hesitated a minute and took a look at me. I felt my heart jump into my throat. It choked me.

"He can't do it!" I thought. And I was so grateful and a little triumphant. He walked out and I stepped to the door expecting him to come up to me and at least kiss me good-by. But all he said was:

"Arrange whatever you want. Let me know." And he went down the walk to the street.

It was all so sudden, such a surprise, such a shock, that I was like a person struck. And I went down. I suppose I never have passed through any minutes as bitter as those that followed his going.

To think that he could go and leave me like that! without a word! with hardly a glance! And how quickly he had seized the opportunity I had made him without meaning to! How mean that was—to pretend I was the one who suggested it. I could just hear him, if I ever tried to talk to him about it, saying:

"Well, you were the one who said one of us ought to get out, and I surely didn't want you to go"—making all the bad on my side and all the good on his. Just as he insists I wanted to get out of the car and walk!

And all these hours he had been sitting there silently, pretending to read, he must have been longing to go! He must have been thinking up reasons and excuses! Otherwise, why would he have jumped at my first word on the subject and used that?

HE knew I didn't mean it! He knew I wasn't prepared for such a thing, as he evidently was! Slowly I went back to my room; slowly I sat down. And then I cried from bitterness of heart and shame.

And then, after a while, as my crying wore itself out, I was gradually aware of something. I was aware of peace. I was aware of rest. Of a load lifted. Of a cloud dispelled.

Without something like horror, the thought flashed through my mind:

"Is this the way women feel when their husbands leave them?"

Afterward I knew this was not altogether true. It was the circumstances of his going which relieved instead of bereft me.

I sat there for a while, thinking about this. My husband had gone, left me; and I was—no, not gladdened by it—but yes, yes—rested.

Tonight my house was at peace. And I could rest.

So I went into our bedroom and mechanically picked up the things he had left round in packing; the laundry board out of a shirt, a discarded tie; and I turned down my bed.

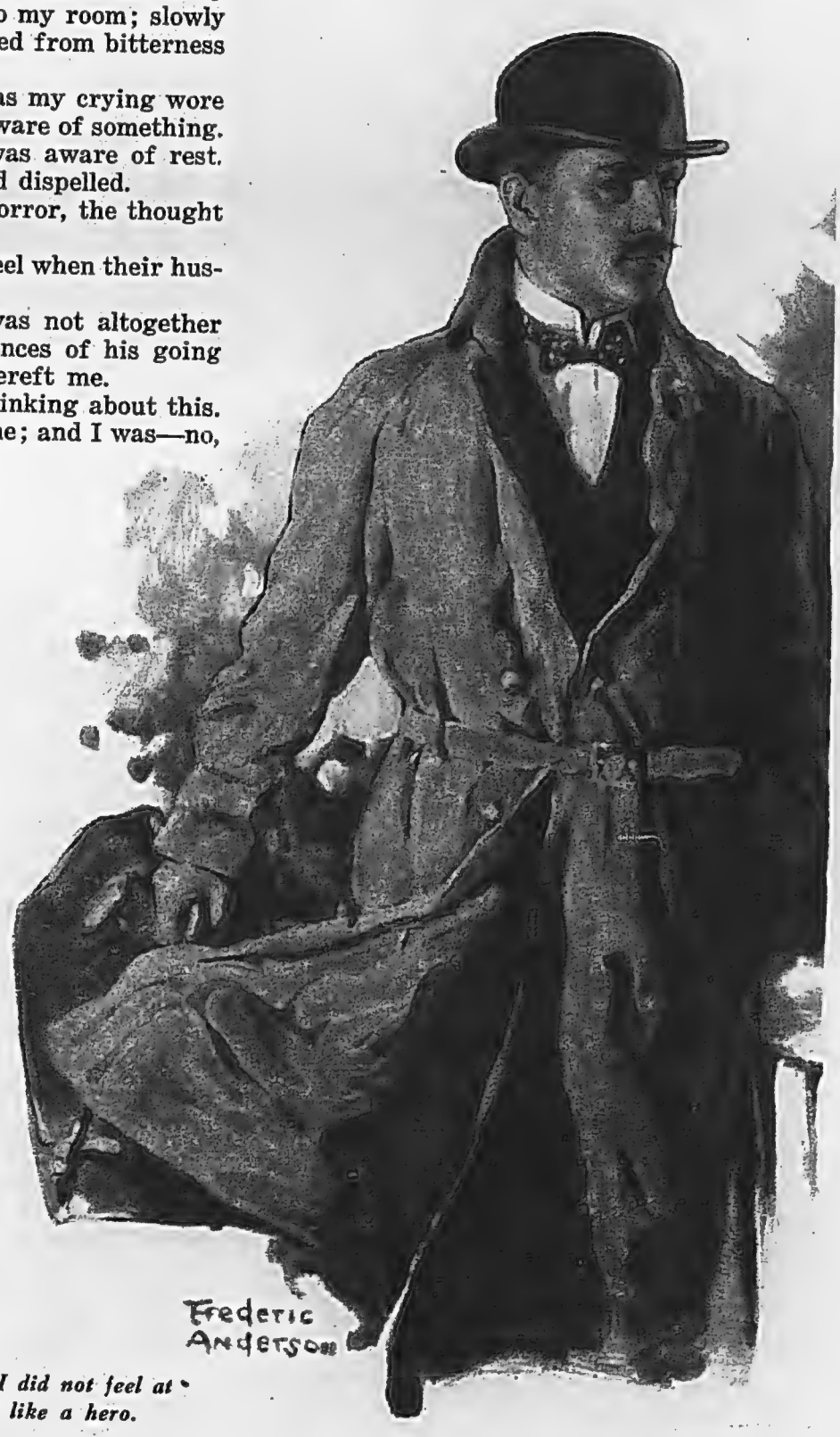
Then I suddenly remembered that when I had ordered the mattresses for our room I had ordered the best hair put in Jim's—because he's a crank about a good bed—and just floss for mine, thereby saving twenty dollars. I had thought it a fine idea at the time, but lately I have been noticing that my bed was sagging in the middle.

So now I turned down Jim's bed instead.

It surely did "lay" well.

What of the future? What was I to do? A new uneasiness began to grow in my mind, but I remembered what my old Welsh grandmother used so often to say, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

And so, quite quiet and relaxed, in a strangely quiet relaxed room, I went to sleep.



Jim—I did not feel at all like a hero.

Kathleen—I felt my heart jump into my mouth.

The Husband's Side—By Jim

THE smash did come. I had felt all along that it would, yet knowing that Kathleen and I were bordering on a somewhat serious breach, I could not yield the position I had taken. It only would have meant loss of direction, anyhow. It would have wrecked the partnership.

Perhaps the partnership may be wrecked as it is. But better that, I tell myself even now, than to have it worn down by misunderstanding after misunderstanding. If it had to be broken, better have it broken frankly and honestly than pretend to keep it patched up.

An impartial jury would say it was a silly thing. It all happened over nothing. In this marriage business I am convinced that the trifles mean more than the big things. A couple could face a big loss together or a great sorrow where they would glare at each other over the matter of a broken tea cup.

It has become so serious that I am living at the club, while Kathleen is living in our home alone. It was her suggestion. She cannot deny that. Still brooding over the fact that I took her at her word and let her get out of the car when she said she wanted to, she finally blurted, "This cannot continue. One of us must go."

Again I took her at her word and on the instant I got out. Certainly that was the only thing to do.

I was angry enough at the time. I took my bag and my coat and went out into the night like one of the heroes in the melodramas. But I did not feel at all like a hero.

I have read of men leaving their homes for various causes, but never before have I heard

SILENCE and Smoldering Anger Between Man and Wife, Then Just One Little Word Too Much, and the Breaking Point Is Reached.

of one leaving home because his wife objected to his manner of driving a motor car and he obligingly let her get out and take a street car. Men have gone into the night for jealousy, because of betrayal, and a number of dramatic causes, but I think very few have gone out because of a motor car.

Hold on. How do I know? Perhaps more men have left home for just such petty things as I am leaving mine. I mean I have left it, for here I am at the club, wondering how it worked to this point.

First, there was that cold and ominous silence. It nearly drove me mad, what with things going wrong at the office and a hundred other little irritations. Who initiated the silence? Kathleen did. Then it was up to her to break it.

Eventually she did break the silence, but she broke it with a harsh and jangling note. She suggested this herself. It was her first word when she did condescend to speak to me that one of us had better go. That was simple. I took her at her word, as I did when she told me she wanted to get out of the automobile. So I am here and she is there.

I AM upset, naturally. I suppose she is quite as upset, if not more so. At times I want to rush home or to talk to her over the telephone, but if I do that the incident might close, but it will be reopened again and again. I do not know how things are to be patched up again, but they must be patched up on a permanent basis.

This all sounds as though I had taken a dislike to Kathleen because of this petty matter. On the contrary, now that I am away from her, I want to be with her as much as ever, but not with the Kathleen who started all of this. I mean the Kathleen that I married. Can she have changed?

If that is true, can I be partly to blame? I could not foresee any developments of this sort. How can one person utterly change another's character in such a brief space of time?

I suppose that I am weakening because I miss Kathleen. It strikes me that a single man becomes used to being a married man almost instantly, but it takes some time for a married man to get used to being single again.

Here I go talking as if there could be anything permanent about this. It couldn't be. It is altogether idiotic. It's a flareup that both of us will regret later.

Perhaps in a little while we will be able to laugh over it. I wonder. There are couples who could, but I am afraid that with Kathleen and me it never could be looked back upon as anything to laugh at. Have we no sense of humor as a couple?

The pangs of remorse and the sense of loneliness haunt both Jim and Kathleen in their separation, which, somehow, hasn't turned out as they expected, as told in The Strain of Separation, the next installment of This Marriage Business, to appear soon.

First of a series of helpful articles giving household hints.

Complete menu and recipes for a holiday feast for six persons.

Are You Going to Have the Family for

THANKSGIVING?

Perhaps the Following Will Help You Toward a Real Celebration

By Ethel M. Somers

Ethel M. Somers, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution.

DID not Grandmother serve the most successful Thanksgiving dinner possible and wasn't half of her success Grandmother's spirit? Did you ever hear her say, "I wish I could have the family homecoming this Thanksgiving. I surely would if I only knew how"? No! Grandmother said, "I will," and then and there she went to work. This was the secret of her old-fashioned, bountiful meal, so dear to our memories.

If you are not going to Grandmother's this year to celebrate, suppose you call the family to your table.

The menu is appealing, and yet the recipes given herewith call for the exercise of no extraordinary skill and will produce a festive board. Every recipe has been tested and is endorsed as standard. Follow the directions and use level measurements so you will be sure to succeed.

MENU

Chicken Gumbo

Crispettes *Celery Curls* *Ripe Olives*

Roast Turkey *Savory Stuffing* *Giblet Gravy*

Mashed Potatoes *Sweet Potato Balls*

Buttered Onions *Squash en Casserole*

Parker House Rolls *Cranberry Conserve*

Stuffed Tomato Salad

Cranberry Frappe *Assorted Cakes*

Mints *Coffee* *Nuts*

Chicken Gumbo (for Six)

3 cups chicken, veal, or meat broth
½ onion, grated
2 cups sliced okra
Sprig parsley
⅛ red pepper, chopped fine
¾ cup tomato
¾ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup boiled rice

FRY the onion and chopped pepper in butter. Add the broth, washed and sliced okra, tomato, peeled and cut up; salt, and rice. Place in sealed-tight kettle. Boil until the okra is tender (30 to 40 minutes). Add parsley and serve hot.

Stuffed Tomato Salad (for Six)

1 medium head lettuce, romaine, or endive
6 medium, ripe tomatoes

MAKE a bed of the washed, chilled greens. Place on this a peeled tomato from which the center has been hollowed. Fill the center with cabbage slaw, and keep on ice until ready to serve.

Sweet Potato Balls (for Six)

3 pounds sweet potatoes
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1½ tablespoon butter

COOK the sweet potatoes in boiling, salted water. Mash or rice and add seasonings. Mix well and shape into balls. Dip in slightly beaten egg and then in bread or cracker crumbs. Fry until brown (3 minutes) in deep fat at 390° F. or brown in the oven.

Roast Turkey (for Six)

A 10-POUND turkey, dressed, washed, and trussed. Rub 1-3 cup fat into the skin and then dredge with flour. Place in a greased roaster, breast side up. Place a piece of fat or salt pork on breast bone and baste occasionally with ½ cup boiling water mixed with ½ cup butter. If you have a large enough roaster—roast covered at 500° F. for first 30 minutes, and 400° F. remainder of the time. If, however, the fowl will be too crowded in your roaster, roast uncovered at 450° F. for the first 30 minutes, and 400° F. for remainder of the time.

If roasted uncovered, the turkey must be basted every 15 or 20 minutes. Should it become brown too soon, cover it with a paper jacket.

Allowing 20 minutes per pound a 10-pound turkey should be done enough in three hours so that the joints will separate easily and juice which flows from the breast when pricked is no longer pink.

Cranberry Conserve (for Six)

1 quart cranberries
1½ cups water
¼ pound raisins
½ cup walnuts, chopped
1 orange, juice and rind
3 cups sugar
½ teaspoon salt

WASH and pick over the fruit. Cook the cranberries in the water until the berries burst. Strain and add remaining ingredients. Cook until the mixture sheets off the spoon. Cool before using. (This may be sealed in jars and kept indefinitely.)

Buttered Onions (for Six)

3 pounds onions, small, uniform size
3 tablespoons of melted butter
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon paprika

SKIN the onions and wash well in cold water. Half cover with boiling, salted water and cook in a sealed vessel until tender. Add butter and seasoning. Serve hot.

Savory Stuffing (for Six)

2 quarts finely crumbed bread
½ cup butter or butterine, melted
1 tablespoon sweet marjoram
1 tablespoon summer savory
1 tablespoon sage or dried celery
—or 3 tablespoons mixed ready prepared poultry seasoning.
Ground giblets
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon white pepper
1 cup stock from giblets

USE rather stale bread and crumb it fine. Add dry ingredients and mix well. Add liquids and mix thoroughly. Pack lightly into fowl so as to leave room for expansion. (The turkey may be stuffed and trussed the day before.)

Squash en Casserole (for Six)

1 medium squash, winter or summer variety
2 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ cup chopped peanuts, if desired
½ pound marshmallows

CUT squash in pieces. Wash and remove the seeds and stringy portions. Peel and steam in a strainer over water for 30 minutes, or until soft. Mash and season with butter, salt, and pepper. Place in a buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with peanuts. Cover with marshmallows and brown slightly in oven. Serve hot.

Cabbage Slaw Filling

2 cups shredded cabbage
1 green pepper
¼ cup salad dressing
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

MIX shredded cabbage, seasonings, and finely chopped pepper well. Add dressing and mix. Chill before using.

Giblet Gravy (for Six)

Fat in roaster
½ cup flour
Chopped giblets and stock

REMOVE the turkey from the pan. Add the flour and mix well. Stir until brown on direct flame. Slowly stir in the giblet stock and 2 cups hot water. Add salt, pepper, and chopped giblets. Boil and stir until thickened.

Cranberry Frappe (for Six)

1 pound cranberries
2½ cups sugar
4 cups water
1 lemon, juice of
⅛ teaspoon salt

COOK the cranberries in water slowly until soft. Force through a sieve. Add sugar, lemon juice, and salt. Pack surrounded by an ice and salt mixture, using 1 part salt to 3 parts of ice. Freeze and pack for ripening.

The season's favorite combination of black and red is presented in this ensemble costume, allying black broadcloth coat trimmed with chinchilla with a tunic frock of red chiffon embroidered in gold thread inset with mother-of-pearl. Second, Lanvin's new balloon sleeve characterizes her coat of black velvet with bands and insets of royal blue velvet. Third, Agnes creates a gold color velvet brocade trimmed with amber colored fur and held by a rhinestone buckle. Last, a three-piece suit of black velour banded in skunk opens over blouse of blue and green metal brocade. The skirt has godets at the right only.

COSTUMES for FORMAL AFTERNOON OCCASIONS

by Corinne Lowe

TODAY I am writing of the sort of costumes needed for the formal luncheon, the big afternoon bridge, the matinée box party, and the daytime wedding.

If you like elaborate clothes, the season will deny you nothing. The only questions are: "How shall we go about being elaborate?" and "How shall we get most from our investment?"

As to the former, let me say that the ensemble costume is the route over which most fashionable women of today are booking their formal afternoon passage. For the coat of such a costume black is by all odds the favorite.

Perhaps you are black-bored? If you are, you will not remain so. For somehow the black wraps and frocks of this season contrive to be different. So often they are set off with vivid red, with royal blue, or with green. And—here is the startling news—the black costume of today is trimmed, not with matching fur, but with some contrasting pelt.

The coat of the ensemble costume is of various lengths. Sometimes it is perfectly straight in line and sometimes it exploits that fashionable flare at the hem. If it follows the latter policy the fullness is usually due to godets or plaits, but there are models which are frankly gored.

The ensemble costume at the left indicates this revived molding in a coat of black broadcloth trimmed with chinchilla, quilted in motifs and worn over a tunic frock of brilliant red chiffon embroidered in gold thread inset. That the coat or costume elaborately banded with some costly fur puts this garment beyond the reach of many a woman is obvious. But one may be fashionable without fur trimming.

In the second model Lanvin has demonstrated this fact in a coat which may either be worn separately or form part of a costume. Of course, you will note those balloon sleeves. Lanvin makes many of these balloon observations this year. The coat achieves beauty without fur. Bands of royal blue velvet and bits of the same glowing color which show beneath the cutout design of the black more than atone for absence of pelt.

Many afternoon frocks include some type of long sleeve. Contrary to this tendency, Agnes retains the short sleeve in a lovely model of gold color velvet brocade trimmed with amber fur and held by a rhinestone ornament.

LET YOUR DRESS MIRROR YOUR PERSONALITY

By PATRICIA

IT ISN'T the number of clothes or those costing a great deal that always make the well dressed woman. Becomingness is a far greater factor than style and cost. Not only should the garments you wear become your face and figure but they should also express your personality. Study your type and buy only those things that will accentuate your good points.

Increasing years, together with increasing weight, can be reduced to minimum importance in design No. 2065. This pattern is suitable for woolen materials of a soft, light texture such as kasha, fine twill, and crêpe. Crêpe de Chine and crêpe back satin are suggested for a dress for "best."

Pattern No. 2065 is cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches bust measure. In the 36 inch size 3¾ yards 42 inch material, with ½ yard 32 inch contrasting, are required. The grape design is included in hot-iron transfer pattern No. 727, which comes in blue and yellow and costs fifteen cents extra.

Both the slim, young figures and those which have put on a few undesirable pounds will find the straight up and down lines of the coat dress shown in No. 2194 good. Make this of a soft suede nap woolen if you are in need of a street dress.

The patterns for No. 2194 are cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards of 40 inch material, with 11¼ yards of braid.

Hail! hail! The tunic's here! An established fashion for fall and winter. Many are beltless, as is the one illustrated, No. 2224, which when worn with a camisole skirt, No. 2073, produces an ensemble effect. Faille silk, silk crêpes, satin, brocaded velvets, and chiffons are used for them.

The pattern for No. 2224 can be had in sizes 14 and 16 years, and 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. In the 36 inch size 2⅝ yards of 40 inch material, with 2⅞ yards of fur banding, are required.

The junior miss will cast an eye of approval on style No. 2221, which is made with the popular shirt front and employs plaits to lend a graceful width to the skirt. Poplin, wool crêpe, twill, serge, jersey, and kasha are suitable materials. Pattern No. 2221 cuts in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. The 8 year size requires 2 yards of 40 inch material, with ⅜ yard 27 inch contrasting.

Pattern No. 2235 cuts in three pieces—one for the upper section, another for the skirt, and a third for the convenient pocket. The pattern cuts in sizes small, medium, and large. The medium size takes 2 yards of 32 or 40 inch material.

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NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

TWENTY YEARS *on* BROADWAY

And the Years It Took to Get There

By GEORGE M. COHAN

The Life Story of the Miracle Man of the Stage, Written by Himself

George M. Cohan in The Song and Dance Man.

MR. COHAN'S MEMOIRS, which have made such a sensation, end with the present installment. If you have missed the earlier chapters, you may still get an inkling of the dynamic energy, the untiring efforts of this outstanding personality of the stage by starting the story here. It is a story written by himself, sparing none of his own foibles and poking good-natured fun at some of his own plans. In the previous installment the actor-author-composer related his various attempts to take a rest, to stop driving himself year in and year out until he was bodily and mentally exhausted. But some big and exciting work always came along and spoiled his plans for taking a vacation. In this case it was an actors' strike, news of which reached him in New Haven, where he was preparing to go to California for six months. Now finish the story:

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE ACTORS' STRIKE.

WE ARRIVED in New York about seven o'clock in the morning and went to the club for coffee and rolls.

The morning papers all carried front page stories of the actors' strike and, besides, we gathered enough inside information from the early birds strolling in for breakfast to give us a fairly good idea of the wild and exciting happenings of the night before.

When he'd finished breakfast, Reardon got up from the table and shook hands with me.

"So long, kid," he said. "I'm going home and go to bed for a few weeks' rest. That long trip back from the Pacific Coast has tired me out completely." He was still kidding about the vacation. A few minutes later, as I was leaving the club, I heard him saying to the telephone girl:

"You've never been to California? Well, take my tip and make the trip. I wouldn't have missed it for Henry Ford's money." He spent the next few days telling the boys around the club all about the delightful climate.

"Did you see the seals on the rocks?" inquired one fellow who actually believed that Steve had been there.

"Oh, yes," answered Reardon, "and I studied them very closely, too."

"What do you mean?" The fellow was interested.

"I mean," said Steve, "that I'm convinced the seals are a 'bunk.' They're made of rubber and are worked by machinery." He had loads of fun with some of the "native son" Friars.

From the club that morning, I went directly to the Cohan and Harris office and waited two hours before any of the staff appeared. About nine-thirty Eddie Dunn blew in and told me the full details of the strike. He went on to describe the comical carryings-on of the pickets, soap box orators, improvised parades, and all of the fireworks which, he explained, kept up till two o'clock in the morning.

One by one, as the rest of the boys arrived, they related different amusing incidents of the big walk-out and the spectacular manner in which the striking actors celebrated the event.

Not one of the staff seemed to take the thing seriously. They were all having a great laugh and, apparently, enjoying the circus.

About eleven o'clock I ran downstairs in the theater and discovered James Gorman, the stage manager of The Royal Vagabond troupe, rehearsing several chorus boys and girls in the principal parts.

"These kids can give a show tonight," he announced, as I walked down the aisle.

"They're all anxious to keep working if you'll give them a shot at the thing."

"How did it happen that you chorus people

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Pleasant Taste

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Even a fretful, feverish, bilious or constipated child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup." This gentle, harmless laxative never fails to sweeten the stomach and open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. It doesn't cramp or overact. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs.

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Chicago, Ill.
Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

didn't walk out?" I put it up to the boys and girls themselves.

"Nobody asked us to," answered a little blonde, as she stepped out of line down to the footlights.

"Aren't you folks members of the Equity Association?" I asked.

"No, chorus people are not eligible," explained the little spokesman.

I couldn't get this at all. The striking actors were yelling along the streets that they were fighting for "the little fellow's interest" and still they had walked out and left the little fellow flat. It was a paradox.

I don't think the Equity people themselves realized, for the moment, what they had done. However, they got busy later on, and took the chorus into the fold.

"How do the musicians feel about it?" I put the question to Charlie Gebest, my musical director, who was conducting the rehearsal.

"We've had no word of any kind," he replied. "We'll play the show."

"How about the stage crew?" I inquired of the house carpenter, who happened to be standing by at the time.

"Far as we know, everything's all right," he answered.

"Think you can play the piece well enough to keep the curtain up?" I asked the boys and girls.

"Yes, sir," they all shouted at one time.

"All right, go ahead and play it," and a cheer went up from the crowd as they danced around the stage with joy.

"We're short two parts, we need two men," said Gorman.

"No you don't, you only need one," yelled Sam Forrest, as he ran down the aisle. "I'm going to play in that cast." Another cheer from the chorus crowd.

"Well, if that's the way it's going to be, I'll do a little acting myself," I announced, and Forrest and I climbed over the orchestra pit to the stage and joined the company.

WE gave what might be called a mighty good catch as catch can performance of the piece, for the balance of the week, to capacity houses. The striking actors gave us many a battle during the time we stayed open, but we battled them right back and stuck on the job. The musicians and stage hands finally walked out and left us no alternative but to close up shop.

Word came to me the second night of the strike that a group of buck dancers was going to kidnap a couple of my chorus boys who had been promoted to principal parts, so, from that moment on, we never let those kids out of our sight. As a matter of fact, the entire company stuck closely together all the time.

Between matinée and night performances we'd all dine together.

"Have dinner served for eighty-five people at six-thirty," was the telephone message sent to the Knickerbocker Hotel, and away we'd go, the whole troupe hanging on to one another in fear of abduction, as we'd push our way through the Forty-second Street crowds to the hotel café.

"A banquet every minute." "A million dollars' worth of excitement."

I joined the group of actors opposing the closed shop issue and then the fight was really on.

Some experience. Some education.

Oh, boy! That thing they call human nature has many a twist.

It isn't up to me to write the real story of the actors' strike of 1919.

And even if I did, who would publish it?

"I will," answers the man with the false beard.

"And who are you?"

"Hawkshaw, the detective," cries the member of the council, as he tears off his disguise.

"How dare you attempt to protect your own interests against the will of the mob?" he demands.

The whole subject is worthy of a musical review.

WHEN the scrap was over, the theaters open, and the season on, I retired from the firm of Cohan and Harris, and fully intended to take a year's rest. Having already disposed of many of the theatrical properties in which I had been interested, the dissolution was not a difficult matter.

Harris and I parted the same way in which we had first come together—the best of friends; but our partnership of fifteen years had come to an end.

I was determined to keep away from the managerial side of the game from that time on.

About three weeks after my withdrawal from the firm Steve Reardon said to me:

"On the level, kid, did you quit of your own accord, or were you tipped off to get out before you were thrown out?"

"Where'd you get hold of that idea?" I asked, indignantly.

"Never mind where I got it, answer the question," he came back.

"I'll answer it right now," I replied. "Come to the telephone with me. I want you to hear what I'm going to say." He followed me to the phone booth.

I rang up the Sam Harris office.

"Hello, Sam. Would you mind if I occupied that vacant office on the third floor of your building?"

"What do you want it for?" inquired Harris.

"I'm going back into the play producing business," I replied.

I heard Harris laughing over

George M. Cohan as the Vagabond in his famous play, The Tavern.

the phone. Reardon fell out of the booth, all but hysterical.

"Sure, it's yours as long as you want it," Harris finally managed to say. I thanked him and hung up.

"Well, old boy," said Reardon. "After this long rest you've had"—I'd been out three weeks—"you ought to be in great shape to start getting busy again." He started laughing again and kept it up for an hour and a half.

THE next morning the sign on the third floor front office door of the Harris building read:

GEORGE M. COHAN PRODUCTIONS.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, when I returned from lunch, I had to fight my way through a crowd of actors, actresses, agents, and chorus people that congested the hallways and staircases in search of engagements. When I finally reached my desk I came face to face with Reardon, who stood there still laughing away to beat the band.

"Are you going to keep this up all your life?" I asked him. "This is no joke with me. I'm going to show these guys that they can't drive me out of the show game until I'm ready to go."

"Listen, kid, I've got something to tell you," he said, between giggles. "Nobody said they had driven you out. I manufactured that idea myself. I knew what you'd do the minute I pulled it on you."

"You mean to say you purposely kidded me back into the business?"

"Sure I did," he answered. "I was afraid you'd go mad without a whole lot of work on your mind."

Harrison Grey Fiske walked into the office at this point and threw a manuscript on my desk.

"There's a darn good play," he said. "Well worth producing."

"All right," I replied. "We'll produce it."

And we did. And it cost me fifty thousand dollars. And Reardon didn't show up for a month!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SHOWMANSHIP.

"COHAN better stick to his writing; he'll never make a successful manager." That was the general opinion after the ill-fated production of Genius and the Crowd, my first single-handed offering.

"We'll see about that," I murmured to myself, and rolled up my sleeves and got busy.

I grabbed a Harbach-Hirsch musical play called The House That Jack Built, opened it in Washington, where we worked on it day and night for the entire week, changed the title to Mary, and brought it into Philadelphia the following Monday. Never in the history of Philadelphia theatricals was a bigger hit scored than by this little play.

After four weeks of almost unheard of business I moved the show to Boston and, for sixteen solid weeks, throughout hot weather and all, broke every Tremont Theater record on the books.

I organized a number two company of Mary and sent it on tour. I organized a number three company of Mary and sent it on tour. I organ-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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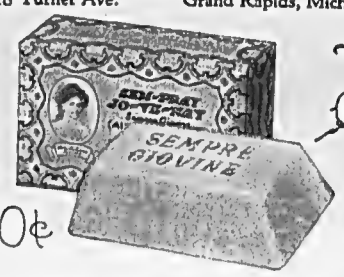

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

ized a number four company of Mary and sent it on tour. I organized a special company of Mary for a return engagement in Boston. It was produced in England, Australia, and every English speaking country on earth. Mary was a million dollar hit. Mary was a riot.

"No use in talking, that guy Cohan's a great showman." All the wiseacres had turned turtle on their earlier opinion of my managerial abilities, which, as I've always maintained, goes to prove that "you're a smart man with all smart people if only you're smart enough to prove to the smart people how smart you are." At any rate, I'd waited so long to hear the showmen admit that I belonged it certainly came as pretty good news to me.

MY next production was a Cohanization of a manuscript called The Meanest Man in the World. Another whale of a hit. I personally entered the cast for the New York engagement and, later on, handed the part over to Otto Kruger.

I next turned my attention to a Cora Dick Gantt play called The Choice of the Superman.

"I'll give these babies something to talk about," I thought to myself, as I sprinkled the Cohan salt and pepper all over the 'script and poked fun at a serious effort.

I called it The Tavern and opened the piece at the Cohan Theater.

Help! Murder! Police! Fire! Another panic was on.

"Somebody stop this man," the literary ladies and gentlemen again demanded. The bold, bad band of dramatic critics drew forth their sharpened pencils and stabbed me to the heart.

"What's it all about?"

"What's he trying to do?"

"Where's the plot?"

"What's the idea?"

"What's all the business for?" they cried, as they watched the crowds piling into the Cohan Theater.

"What's all the shootin' for?" the low comedian of the play would shout back at them during each performance.

The public flocked to The Tavern and, to this day, I still believe that it was sheer curiosity that brought the crowds to see for themselves whether or not any play could possibly be as bad as the New York critics had declared this one.

A second company, organized and sent to Chicago, duplicated the New York hit, and, before the season ended, The Tavern was the most widely discussed and best advertised play in America.

I now came along with another Harbach-Hirsch musical piece, The O'Brien Girl. Bang! Another bull's-eye hit. Eighteen capacity weeks in Boston before the New York engagement, a number two company on tour, and just getting ready to organize the number three when the Equity Association declared closed shop on all independent managers.

Rather than submit to this ruling, I closed my attractions (I had twelve shows in operation that season), sent them to the storehouse, dismantled my business offices, hopped on a boat, went to England, and laid plans for several London productions.

In two weeks' time I was set and ready to try my luck as an English producer, and jumped back to New York to engage certain actors for certain parts. I had booked return passage and was to sail again for England within the week.

A committee of independent actors, headed by Henry Miller and Otis Skinner, called on me and requested that I reconsider my decision to produce abroad. Henry Miller, as president of the open shop actors' association, spoke for the entire membership.

"We don't want you to go," he said, and presented me with a resolution signed by every man and woman of this organization.

"All right, Mr. Miller, if they feel that way about it, that's the way it's going to be." There was nothing else to say.

I immediately rejoined the Producing Managers' Association and cabled to London that all bets were off. I opened up my offices, got the staff busy on the job, hurried down to Atlantic City with a couple of stenographers, had a piano shoved into my apartments, and returned to New York in three weeks with a new Cohan musical play entitled Little Nellie Kelly.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SUMMING UP.

I PRODUCED Little Nellie Kelly at the Tremont Theater in Boston, where, after a run of sixteen weeks, it had broken all house records. Even Mary and The O'Brien Girl were also rans in the matter of receipts and popularity. Four big song hits in the play and altogether my biggest musical comedy success since the days of Little Johnny Jones. A second company was organized and presented the piece on tour, while the original cast held on for a solid year's run at the Liberty Theater in New York City.

With this piece successfully running, I grabbed hold of a manuscript of a comedy called How Very American, by Arthur Goodrich; the result was So This Is London! This little farce, after being properly panned and roasted by almost every one of the Broadway critics, blossomed into one of the greatest American comedy hits of all time. Number two and three companies toured the United States, while the original cast continued its New York run at the Hudson Theater for fifty consecutive weeks before moving to Boston and Philadelphia.

So This Is London! was also a huge success in the city of London, where for forty-odd weeks the English public flocked to the Prince of Wales Theater and laughed as heartily at the piece as American audiences ever did.

During the London run of this play I also produced Little Nellie Kelly in the English metropolis, where it duplicated, for an entire season, its New York hit at the New Oxford Theater.

I FOLLOWED this up with still another Cohan musical play called The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly, which divided a solid year among Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago; at this writing it is in rehearsal for an Australian production.

I next gave my attention to straight comedy again and turned out an original character study entitled The Song and Dance Man. After fifteen weeks of a road tour I finally brought the piece into the Hudson Theater, appearing personally in the title rôle.

And now comes the big laugh of the story—the real punch to the tale. The actors admitted that I was a GOOD ACTOR. Gosh darn it, why did they keep me waiting so long?

Well, anyway, at last I'd come into my own. My dreams had all come true. My highest ambition satisfied at last. Hurrah! I'm a good actor.

Well, it's been a great life, boys.

"A charmed life," say my friends.

"A lucky life," say others.

They may be right, at that.

I'm not saying that I haven't been lucky.

As a matter of fact, I consider myself lucky to have come out of it all alive.

But don't forget, dear reader, that since 1904, when I first peeked in on Broadway with my Johnny Jones hat and dandy little cane, I have had to go some to keep up with the mad procession.

In the last twenty years I have written, signed, and produced

"Where Is Trub?"

"When is he coming back to Liberty?" Letters have descended upon Liberty's offices in thousands, demanding to know what's become of the lovable pup and his spicy diary of the doings of The Molecule, Flips, and the rest. Just a little more patience! Trub's cheering diary will be resumed shortly, and our readers will again have a chance to chuckle and smile at John Taintor Foote's "doggy" philosophy in an early issue.

Helen Cohan, George M. Cohan, Mary Cohan, and Mrs. George M. Cohan on board the Olympic, returning from abroad in July, 1924.

thirty-one plays of my own. Besides this I have collaborated with other authors on fourteen plays, to which my name was never attached as co-author. Forty-five plays in twenty years' time is no job for a lazy man, old top.

Writing and composing five hundred songs and musical numbers (conservatively) in the same space of time is also not any particular pastime or recreation.

Producing, owning, controlling, and being interested actively and financially in the presentation of a hundred and twenty-eight theatrical attractions is hardly what might be called a cinch.

Presenting, featuring, managing, and being interested in the business direction of such stars as Mrs. Fiske, Fay Bainter, Mary Ryan, Arnold Daly, E. J. Dodson, Leo Ditrichstein, Chauncey Olcott, Thomas E. Shea, William Collier, Richard Carle, Lawrence D'Orsay, Wallace Eddinger, Douglas Fairbanks, Frank Bacon, John Barrymore, Victor Moore, Gertrude Hoffman, Lowell Sherman, Robert Hilliard, Edith Day, Donald Brian, Nora Bayes, Elizabeth Hines, Fred Niblo, George (Honey Boy) Evans, Fritzi Scheff, Julian Eltinge, Laurette Taylor, Grant Mitchell, and a thousand lesser lights isn't the softest proposition that a lucky bird ever fell heir to.

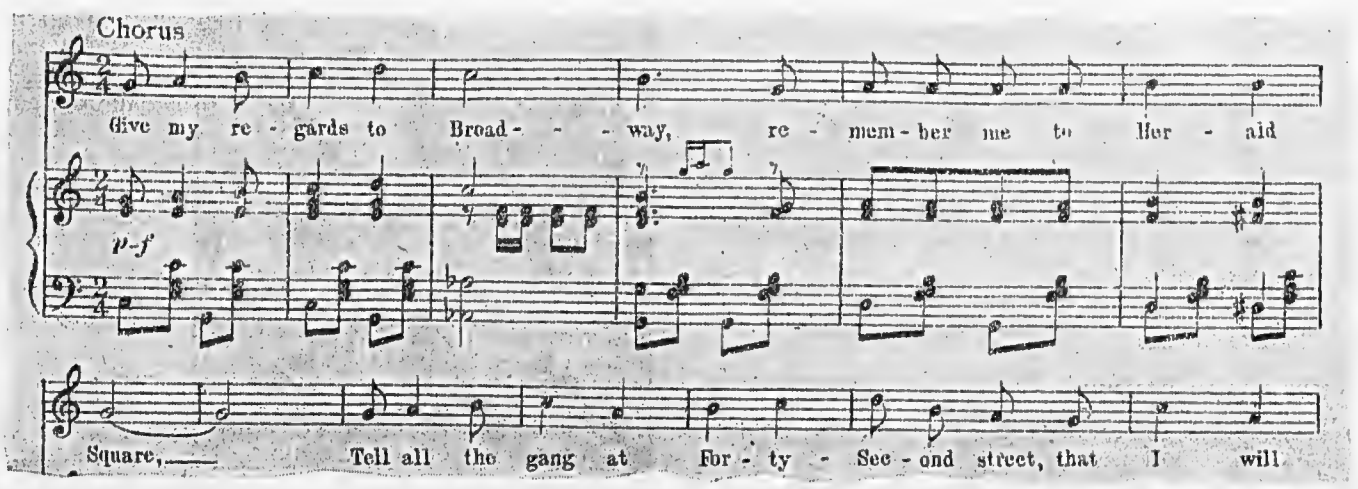
Buying, selling, and juggling around controlling interests of various big city theaters is not altogether a child's occupation.

No, sir. The real answer is work, work, and lots of it—and plenty of speed, too, kid. Don't forget the speed.

With all my other activities of the last twenty years as a Broadway showman, I have also found time to appear personally in my own plays four hundred and twenty-eight weeks. Three thousand four hundred and seventy-one performances. This does not include at least two hundred testimonial and benefit performances.

AND so I sing:

'Tisn't easy to say, Good-by, Broadway,
After years of hanging 'round you night and day.
'Tisn't easy to go, and I want you to know
It's all been fun for me, what you've done for me.
Oh, I know I could never repay.
But wherever I stray, from you, Broadway,
Every night I'm going to kneel right down and pray
That your lights keep shining bright,
Brighter every night.
'Tisn't easy to say, Good-by, Broadway.



Facsimile of the chorus to Give My Regards to Broadway, a famous Cohan song hit.

© Maurice Richmond Music Co., Inc.

AND now just a word, in closing, to all aspiring young playwrights:

My theory of popular playwriting and the way to set about it is, very briefly, as follows:

First, think of something to say. Then say it the way the theatergoer wants to hear it said, meaning, of course, that you must lie like the dickens.

I expect the same rule holds good in most any form of story writing, and, as I have stuck to truth and nothing but the truth, with no attempt at dramatization, I dare say this mess of words has been about as interesting as a Chinese conversation. If I've guessed right, don't worry, I forgive you.

With these few remarks I now wish to announce my immediate and permanent retirement from the literary field.

"And so he snuck off all alone by himself, and nobody didn't see him no more."
—Peck's Bad Boy.

CURTAIN.

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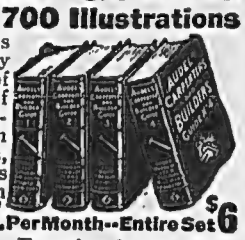

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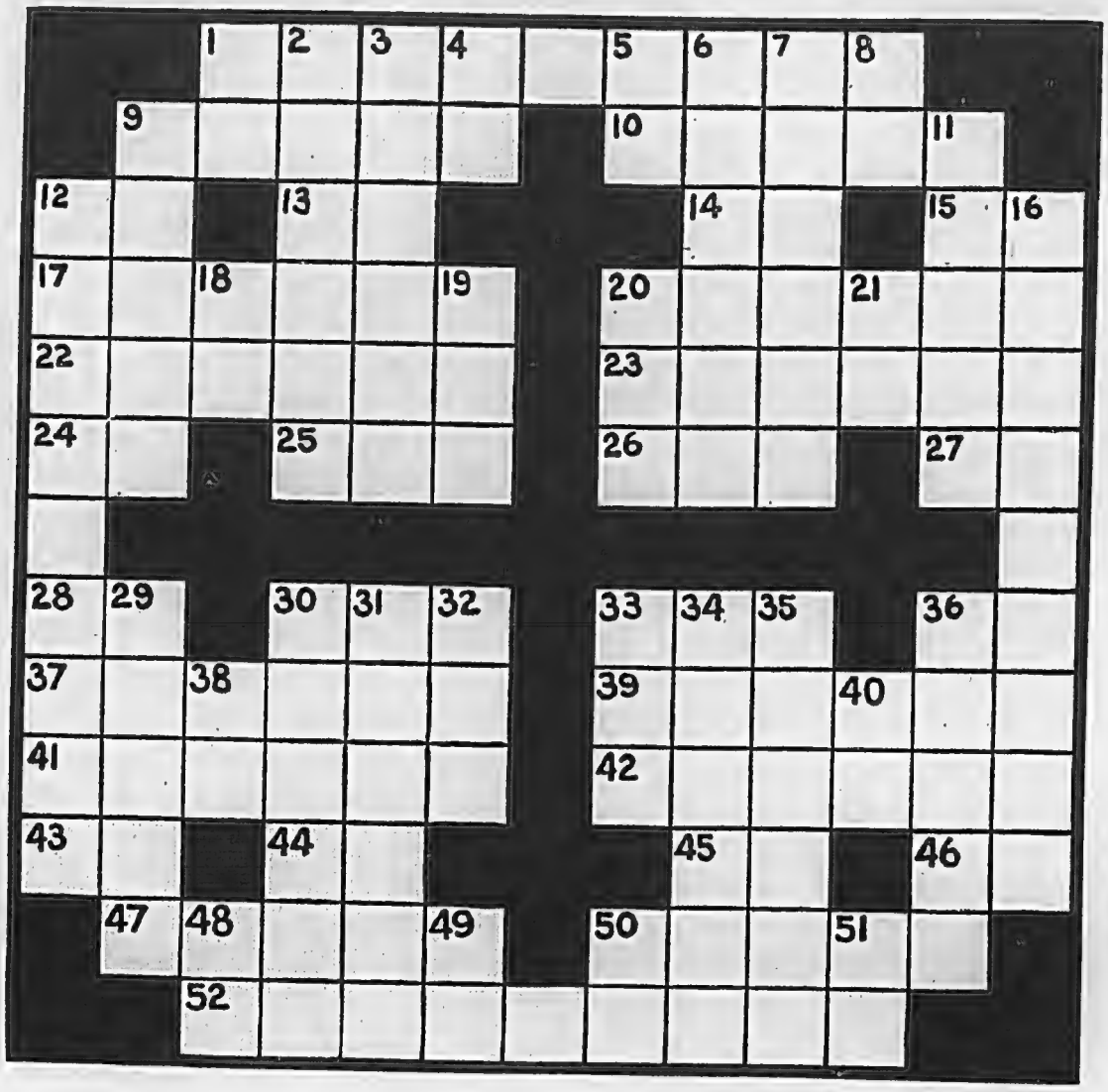
Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzles—No. 3



THIS is the third of Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzles. The words in it are rather easy of solution, with the aid of a good reference book. For the benefit of beginners we reveal the two words starting at space number 1. The horizontal one is defined as "Those who determine valuations for tax purposes." Obviously "assessors" is the word. The vertical word is defined as "an indefinite article"; this, of course, is "an." We publish a complete solution in next week's Liberty. Don't send in answers. This is only for your own fun.

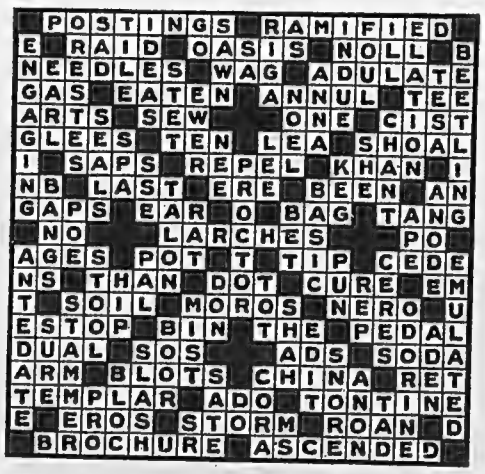
DEFINITIONS OF WORDS

HORIZONTAL

1 Those who determine valuations for tax purposes
9 A gastropod mollusk
10 A golf implement
12 Point (abbrev.)
13 A degree in engineering
14 Part of the verb "to be"
15 A conjunction expressing doubt or condition
17 Longs
20 Sacred books of the Parsis
22 To feel penitent
23 Washes lightly
24 A man's name shortened
25 Between two nights
26 A rug for use at a door
27 A territory in the U. S. (init.)
28 Small European cyprinoid fish
30 Deface
33 Ecclesiastical garment
36 Two points of the compass
37 Impair
39 Small New Zealand evergreen
41 Made amends
42 A small hole
43 French article
44 Prefix indicating negation
45 Everyone (commercial abbrev.)
46 A Latin abbreviation
47 A spot sheltered from the sun
50 Malicious burning
52 Those who arouse to vigilance

VERTICAL

1 Indefinite article
2 Entitled to great reverence
3 Brownish yellow pigment
4 Suffix like "le"
5 A Southern state (init.)
6 A woman character in Twelfth Night
7 To feel indignation
8 A point of the compass
9 A variety of iron
11 Made use of a "kite" (commercial slang)
12 Resembling famous Egyptian monuments
16 Exercise irresistible influence
18 A news gathering organization (init.)
19 An inclosure for a domestic animal
20 A weapon
21 Abbrev. for "steamship"
29 A fruit (plural)
30 A compact volume
31 Program of business to be done
32 A color
33 Consumed
34 Strata
35 To struggle or oppose manfully
36 A drinking vessel
38 A state of the U. S. (abbrev.)
40 Initials of a professional athletic organization
48 Exclamation
49 Suffix: one who does or acts
50 A three-toed sloth
51 Bone (zöological or anatomical)



SOLUTION OF PUZZLE NO. 2

All Off for Doughville! All Aboard for Mazuma Junction!

$500 a Week for Limericks

Get That Cow Off the Track, Boy! And Look Out for Liberty's Unlimited Limericks Express!

Everybody---Everywhere---Can Enter This Great Contest

It's Open to Men, Women, and Children. It Doesn't Matter Where You Live!

This Week's Winners

who share in the big prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of Oct. 25. The Limerick read as follows:

A painter in Kalamazoo
Made pictures in yellow and blue,
One day he used red,
And his critics all said:
"....."

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

"It should bring the 'green back' to you."

Written by Ralph Weinbaum, Aranes Company, 1 West 34th Street, New York, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

"Bid every art medal adieu."

Written by George J. Jones, Natalia, Pennsylvania.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

"It's lucky he paints just a few."

Written by B. R. Smith, City Engineer's Office, Marshalltown, Iowa.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

"He's so good, any color will do."

Written by Dr. L. A. Miller, Westlock, Alberta, Canada.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

"That's a great work of art—for a zoo."

Written by F. L. Moorman, 1001 Haas Building, Los Angeles, California.

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

A LIMERICK is a jingle in which the *last line* rhymes with the *first two.* Anybody can write them. It's easy and it's fun! All you have to do is to fill in the last line of the Limerick which appears on this page. The five best last lines get the five big prizes! So note the date when this week's contest closes, and hop on Liberty's Unlimited Limerick train for Mazuma Junction! We start right away, and at the next stop any of the following big packages of money may be waiting for you on the station platform:

The PRIZES

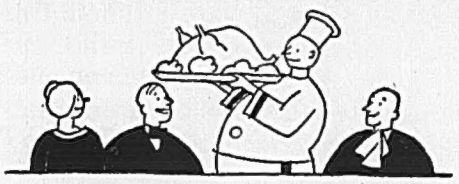
FIRST PRIZE	$250
SECOND PRIZE	100
THIRD PRIZE	75
FOURTH PRIZE	50
FIFTH PRIZE	25

Complete the Limerick in the Coupon Below

All Last Lines for THIS Limerick Must Reach Us Not Later Than Midnight, November 29

Liberty's Big Limerick Contest

$500 a Week in Cash Prizes



Our cook on a Thanksgiving Day
Fixed a turkey the old-fashioned way,
And when it was served
The guests all observed

.....

Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to—

LIMERICKS, *Care of Liberty,*
P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

MY NAME IS.....

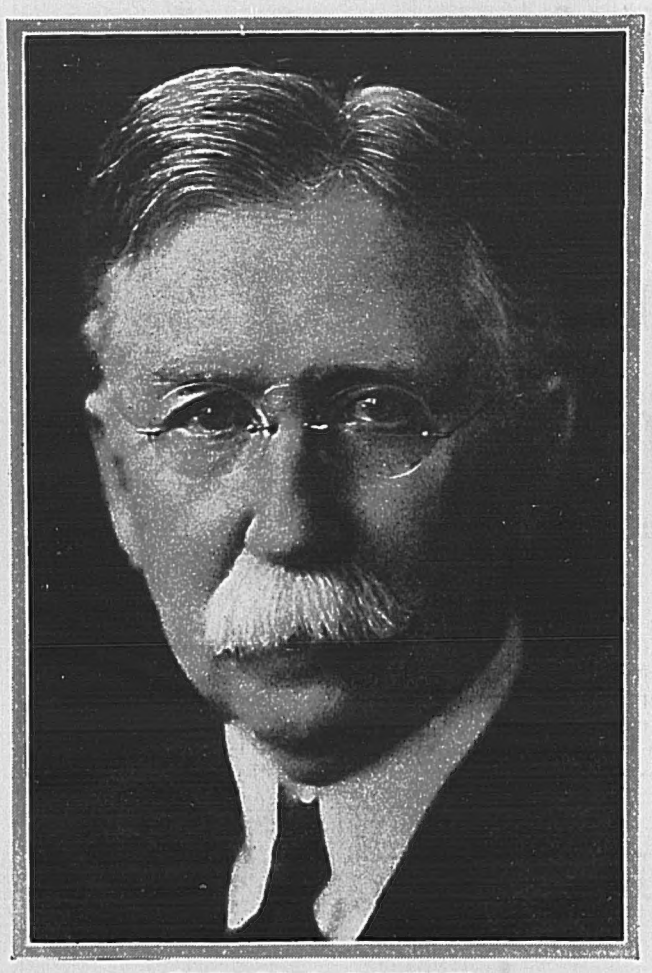
STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

(Issue of November 22)

DOHENY HITS BACK

"Charges That We Have Stirred Up Mexican Revolutions Are Maliciously False," Says Oil Magnate



EDWARD L. DOHENY
© Underwood & Underwood

IN A recent issue LIBERTY published an article by Edward S. O'Reilly, called Well Oiled Insurrections. In it the author made certain statements about the activities of the American oil interests in Mexico.

Mr. Edward L. Doheny, who has large holdings in Mexico, took exception to some of the statements. He declared that all his property in Mexico had been acquired in accordance with the strictest observance of the laws of that country, and that no attempt had been made to loot the natural resources of the southern republic. Whereupon LIBERTY made an investigation and became convinced that some of the statements made in Mr. O'Reilly's article were not in accordance with the facts in the case.

In an effort to be fair to all parties concerned, LIBERTY submitted a series of questions to Mr. Doheny. We are sure our readers will be interested in his replies. Anything Mr. Doheny cares to say about oil is always of first importance.

The questions, and Mr. Doheny's replies, are given in the accompanying article. It throws light upon the tangled conditions of finance and politics in Mexico.

QUESTION—What of the charges that American oil companies have repeatedly stirred up Mexican revolutions?

Mr. Doheny—I know these to be wholly and maliciously false, so far as our companies are concerned. I believe them to be false in the case of every other company which has been a member of the National Association for the Protection of American Rights in Mexico, or of the Association of Petroleum Producers in Mexico.

Our own company, within two weeks of the beginning of the De la Huerta revolution, in 1922, advanced to the recognized government of Mexico five million dollars as a prepayment on taxes. It is my belief that the high officials of the Mexican government would frankly say that, without this loan, their ability to defend the well organized, powerful attacks made on them by Mr. de la Huerta and his associates would have been greatly lessened.

There has never been a revolution started or contemplated in Mexico, since 1901, but that many of that country's enemies have approached us in every possible way, assuring us that if we would give, say, one hundred thousand, or even many millions of dollars, as the case might be, our companies would gain enormous advantages.

There has never been a time when we yielded to such solicitations, in whole or in part. Never have we intervened in the internal affairs of Mexico, or tried to intervene in them. We have never tried, directly or indirectly, to obtain armed intervention in Mexico by the United States, although frequently urged to do so. Our policy has always been to uphold whatever government the Mexicans have seen fit to establish for themselves, and to try to carry on, not on a political but on a business basis.

Our refusal to favor these overtures and join in these enterprises accounts, directly, for the enmity of many who are now calling *us* enemies of the very government which they themselves tried to overthrow.

Had we ever varied from that course which we mapped out for ourselves at the beginning, there would have been a very different history to write as to the progress of our affairs in the Mexican Republic.

QUESTION—Is it true that your companies have spent over one hundred million dollars in Mexico in developing oil properties, railroads, pipe lines, and terminals?

Mr. Doheny—Yes, we have spent that amount for equipment, besides vast sums for operating expenses. We are still spending money at the rate of over a million dollars a month. This should demonstrate, up to the hilt, our confidence in the justice and fairness of the government of Mexico, and of its best citizens.

QUESTION—We have been told that statements that your enterprises in Mexico have impoverished the common people are untrue; that, in reality, your undertakings have added to the wealth of Mexico. Is this true?

Mr. Doheny—Our companies were the pioneers in petroleum in Mexico. All expenditures of other companies are due to our initiative. The total sum expended is between three-quarters of a billion and a billion dollars. The benefits may be roughly classified as money paid land owners, increase of land values, wages, supplies, taxes, and general indirect benefits.

Millions of dollars have been invested in the purchase and leasing of oil lands. So far as I know, we did not acquire one acre for oil purposes by any concession, grant, gift, privilege, or favor of the Mexican government. Prices paid have been many times in excess of the value the same lands could have been disposed of for agricultural or cattle raising uses. Enormous increases of values have taken place throughout the entire region. Property is now held for prices that are downright staggering.

As to supplies purchased in Mexico, they run to millions of dollars a year and now total hundreds of millions of dollars.

When we first started our business at Ebano, the population of Tampico was ten or twelve thousand—a sleepy city surrounded by jungle. At the peak of oil production, Tampico was a modern city of a hundred and thirty-five thousand. These figures speak for themselves.

As to wages, when we first went to Mexico, unskilled laborers were paid thirty-six centavos, or fourteen cents, a day. They are now getting two and two and a half dollars a day.

This striking increase in the living wage has not been limited to petroleum employés. It has been reflected in the entire scale of wages throughout the whole oil district, and in many other parts of Mexico as well.

It is a fact that Mexico has got more profit out of our oil business than our stockholders.

Our company paid, in taxes, to the Mexican government $15,434,600. We paid the United States $5,375,000. The owners of the property received, in dividends, $10,561,507.70.

QUESTION—It has been stated that the National Association for the Protection of American Rights in Mexico deluged the American public with misinformation about that country in order to bring about the armed intervention of America during the administrations of Carranza and Obregon. What would you say about such statements?

Mr. Doheny—There is no truth in them.

The National Association has, at various times, published and caused to be published many facts about Mexico. But nothing that has been given out by its authority has gone to the public without the most careful scrutiny of men well informed as to the truth.

Information has been furnished. Never, knowingly, was misinformation given out.

QUESTION—What do you think of the future of American oil interests in Mexico?

Mr. Doheny—If we did not believe wholeheartedly that oil has a great future in Mexico, we would not be going ahead as we are with our plans of development.

QUESTION—What attitude do you think those who are to govern Mexico will take toward American oil companies?

Mr. Doheny—In spite of enormous difficulties and the attacks on us brought about through political influences in Mexico by men trying to harm us in every way they think will be to their own benefit, we are today, and always have been, optimistic as to the future.

If there is any country in the world which ought to be interested in the protection and encouragement of capital under reasonable conditions—not only for the benefit of the investors but for the benefit of the nation and of all classes of its population—that country is Mexico. We believe that this truth will be more and more fully appreciated by those who are to govern that country.

THE END

A new kind of *private* electricity

When you buy a private electric plant for your country estate or ranch or farm you buy it for only one reason:

You want the advantages in comfort and labor-saving that only electricity can give.

Be sure then that the plant you buy will give you these advantages at their best, and continue to give them.

The Kohler Automatic Power and Light Plant will do exactly that, and will do it at the minimum of cost and attention.

This compact and sturdy plant delivers a new kind of private electricity—city-standard 110-volt direct current, right from the generator.

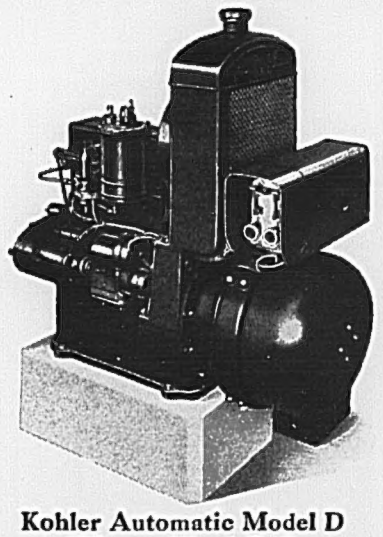
It has NO STORAGE BATTERIES, except a small automobile-type *starting* battery; is fully automatic; and operates standard appliances.

And it is as versatile as it is efficient. You will find the Kohler Automatic at work in a hundred different fields—country homes, country stores, schools and churches, farms, factories, ships, dredges, hospitals, motion picture theatres—in everyday, emergency, and auxiliary service.

Kohler units, automatically or manually started, range in capacity from 800 to 2000 watts. If you need an electric plant *for any purpose* the booklet describing these units will be valuable to you. Send the coupon.

"OVER A YEAR AGO I installed one of your Kohler units at my farm and country home at Long Lake, Minnesota. This unit supplies current for an automatic water pump and for the entire lighting system, including house, barn, and power house. The plant has functioned perfectly, with absolutely no expense for repairs. We have never been without water or light."

[Signed] *C. W. Gardner,*
President, Bankers' Loan & Mortgage Co.,
Minneapolis, Minn.



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1500-watt: 110-volt D. C.

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DETROIT	*35 Parsons Street*	NORFOLK	*508 Granby Street*	SAN FRANCISCO	*544 2nd Street*
HOUSTON	*1319 Texas Avenue*	OMAHA	*1907 Farnam Street*	SEATTLE	*123 Jackson Street*
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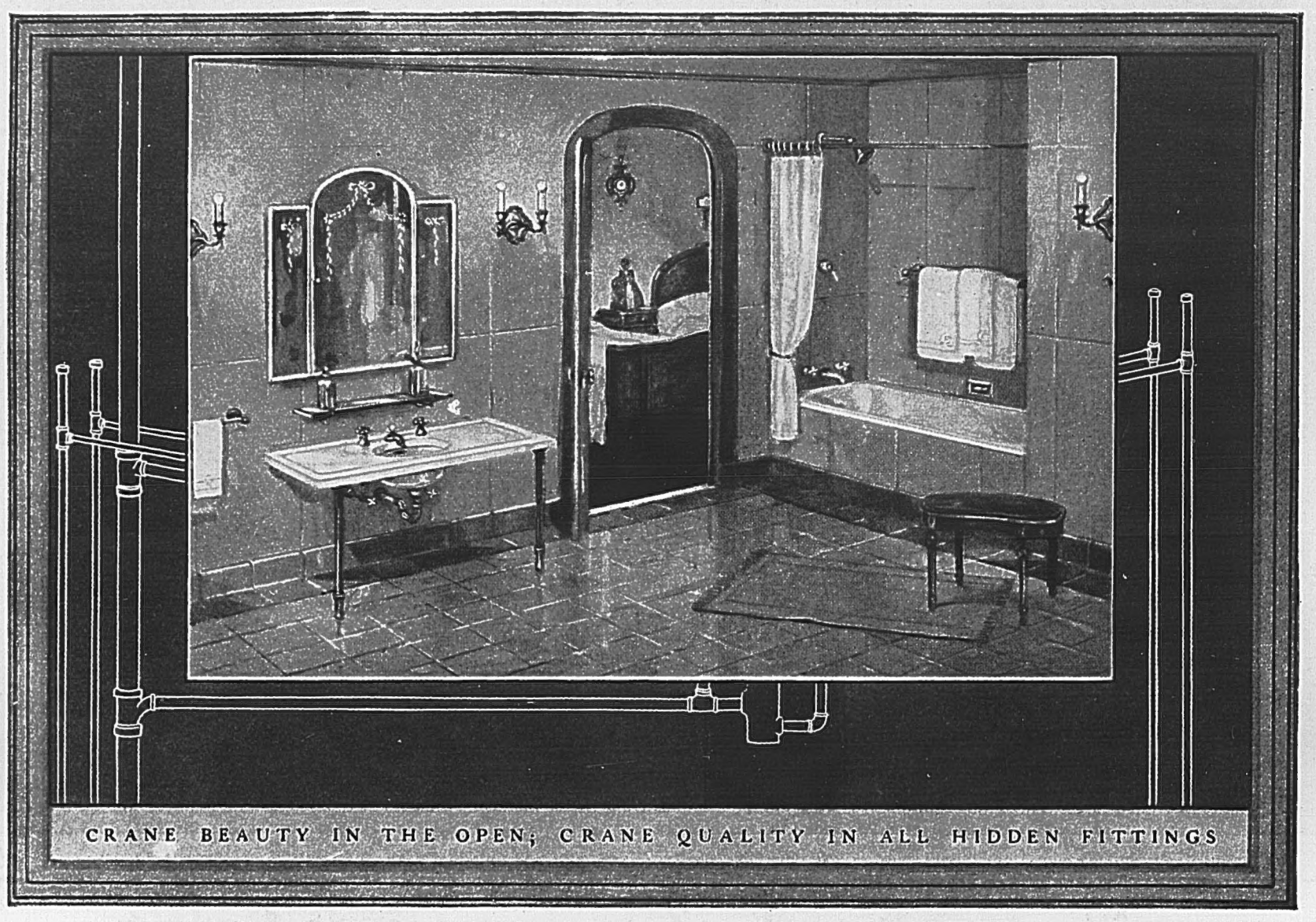

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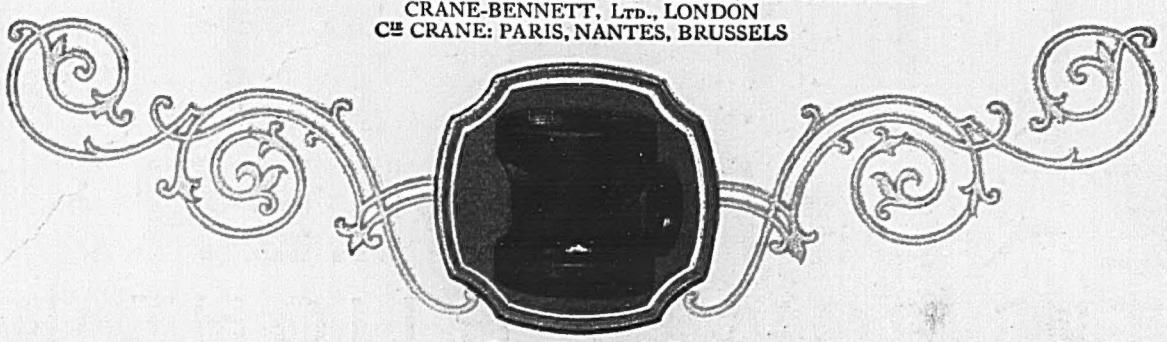

Crane "Drainage Tee"